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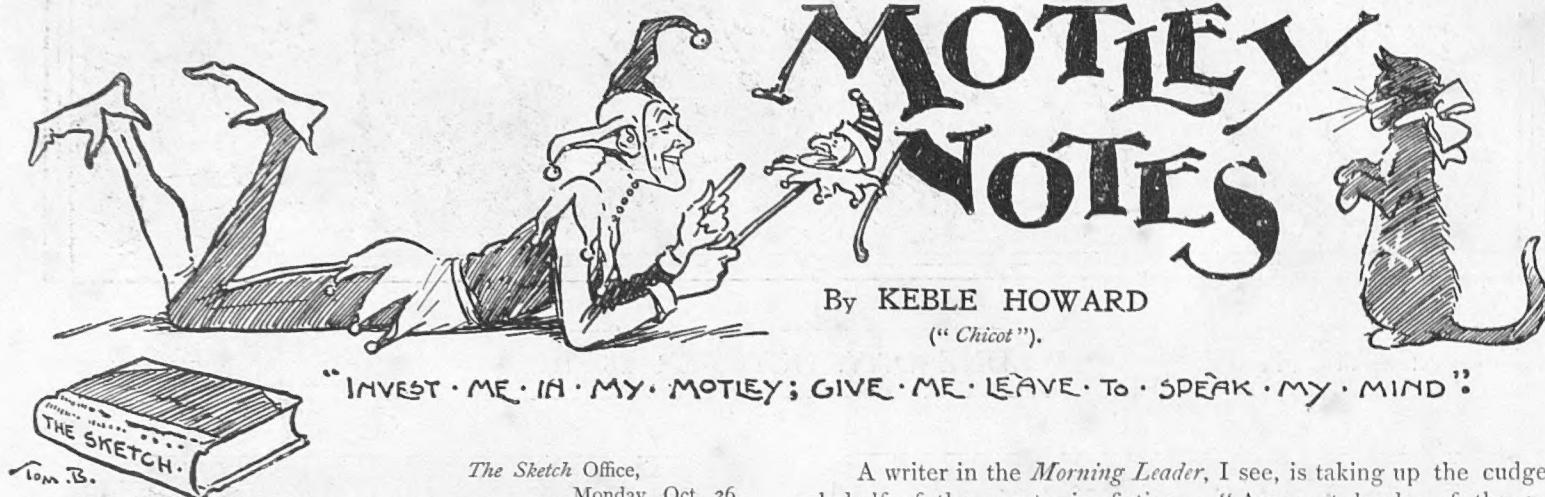
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS LADY VIOLET ANSTRUTHER IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch" by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Oct. 26.

THE extraordinary interest taken by Londoners of all classes in the new Gaiety Theatre will reach its climax, presumably, to-night.

Throughout Tuesday the excitement will be maintained by the column notices in the daily papers, and on Wednesday, if I may say so, by the pictures in the *Sketch*. Thursday will be devoted to idle gossip about insignificant details, and by Friday we shall feel sufficiently calm to discuss, once again, the fiscal question. The fuss, while it lasts, should be peculiarly gratifying to Mr. George Edwardes and the members of the Gaiety Company. I suspect, however, that most of the principals are much too nervous to be taking any very keen pleasure in mere honour and glory. Miss Gertie Millar has her frills and furbelows to think about; Miss Connie Ediss, no doubt, is wrestling with the rhythmic subtleties of Mr. Adrian Ross; Mr. Harry Grattan has to acquire the art of executing a step-dance without dropping his eye-glass; and Mr. Edmund Payne, I understand, has to master the dialect, gait, and general demeanour of a gardener. These are some of the penalties, you see, attaching to great fame. Let you and I, dear reader, rejoice in our humility and our comfortable arm-chair stalls.

The indefatigable Treasurer of the O. P. Club has asked me to tell him, by post-card, at what time I should like the curtain to rise on a play and when to fall. The question, of course, arises out of Mr. Pinero's "high tea" nonsense. I call Mr. Pinero's suggestion a nonsensical one because his argument is based upon the common fallacy of begging the question (or, as Mr. Walkley would put it, *petitio principii*). The dramatist asks us to take "high tea" at six in order that, without interfering with supper, we may devote three and a-half hours to the play. But why should we take it for granted that Mr. Pinero cannot tell his story in less than three and a-half hours? When "Letty" was produced, most people agreed, I think, that it would stand a good deal of cutting. After all, the whole theme of the play is contained in the fourth Act and the epilogue. If Mr. Pinero feels inclined to pooh-pooh this statement, I will refer him, with all deference, to page 40 of this issue, where he will find the story of his drama in a nutshell. I wrote on my post-card, therefore, "9-11." There was no room on the card for an explanation of my views, and that must be my excuse for boring you with them in this place.

Before I leave the subject, however, I should like to call attention to a really clever idea that I came across in a quiet corner of yesterday's *Referee*. The *Referee*, by the way, does not think the idea at all clever. "The discussion," says the paragraphist, "has already been fruitful of a few idiotic suggestions, the stupidest of the lot being that which hints a long wait between the later Acts and the serving of a meal in the theatre 'saloon.'" I am willing to grant that, at first sight, the plan is startling, but I feel convinced that, if the difficulties of catering could be satisfactorily overcome, both playgoers and dramatists would benefit by the change. Take, for example, the case of a serious play in four Acts. The third Act, of course, would be the most emotional. When the curtain fell, the audience would applaud the players, dry their eyes, and go to supper. During supper, they would discuss the great situation in the third Act and wonder how the play would end. At length, refreshed and beaming, they would return to their places, and the author, fully conscious of the fact that his fourth Act was just pretentious rubbish, would realise with delight that his hearers were in the mood to accept the weak conclusion with cheers and congratulations.

A writer in the *Morning Leader*, I see, is taking up the cudgels on behalf of the curate in fiction. "Amongst books of the present autumn," he declares, "I have met three or four curates who were either contemptible or wicked." He then refers to a youthful cleric in a little work of my own who laments that he is not "breezy." I am delighted, of course, to find that the writer in question remembers my curate, but I must protest against the charge of having made the little fellow either contemptible or wicked. As a matter of fact, I have a great admiration for curates, and, had not certain befogged luminaries decided otherwise, I should certainly have become one myself. My critic, perhaps, was misled by the drawing of my curate. I must admit that, in the picture, the poor young man looks more than a little idiotic, but I cannot allow myself to be held responsible for the picture. To tell the truth, a more estimable man never lived. The dogs, to be sure, barked at him, but that display of bad manners on their part was easily to be accounted for on the score of hereditary influence. From time immemorial, you will find, dogs have barked at small, nervous people, and made friends with big, breezy ones. As everyone knows, there is something very human about a dog.

Mr. Edward Cooper, as befits a man who makes his living by writing fiction, has hit upon a novel idea. In a letter to the *Daily Mail*, he suggests—everybody, nowadays, is suggesting something—that forty or fifty minor novelists, French and English, should bind themselves to publish no more novels for five years. "The present ridiculous output of fiction," he contends, "is boring the public and bothering the managers of bookshops and libraries." It is charming of Mr. Cooper to feel so much concern for managers of bookshops and libraries. At the same time, I would venture to assert that these careworn gentlemen are infinitely happier in the spring and the autumn than at Christmas or Midsummer. To a man fond of books, the mere sight of new volumes and the handling of new covers is a very real pleasure. What does it matter to the librarian, after all, if the books remain upon the shelves? At least, he has the satisfaction of spending long, languorous days in their society. He can dust them after breakfast, caress them after lunch, fondle them after tea. Little he cares though the plots be trite or the language stilted. The books are his friends, and he—at any rate, to the best of his plausibility—is a friend to the books. Far be it from Mr. Cooper to destroy so perfect a companionship.

I should be doing the *Mail's* correspondent an injustice, however, were I to deny that he has the quixotry of his opinions. "Some question might conceivably arise," he foresees, "as to who is a minor novelist; every writer might not be so modest as myself, who would be quite prepared to become the first member of the league." In other words, Mr. Cooper is willing, purely for philanthropic reasons, to abstain from publishing any more novels for five years. Supposing, however, that there are five thousand people—I take, of course, the least possible number—who enjoy Mr. Cooper's books, would it be quite kind on his part to deprive the five thousand of their literary loaves and fictional fishes? Surely a novelist, even though he may be only a minor one, is bound to consider the happiness of the greater number. There is another objection, moreover, to Mr. Cooper's scheme. Granted that the minor fifty refrained from putting their wares upon the market, is it not more than likely that their places would be taken by fifty writers of minimum talent? It is even possible—if I may continue my slightly irreverent simile—that these least ones would gather up of the fragments that remained twelve pockets full.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' FIRST PRODUCTION AT THE NEW GAIETY.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE ORCHID" SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.

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THE CLUBMAN.

The Journey of the "Bayan" and the "Tsarevitch"—Russian Preparations—The Russian Soldier—The Japanese Army.

SOMETIMES in church I have sat and watched the little leaden doll which ascends the board by the side of the organ, showing the pace at which the wind is running out of the bellows, and there is a fascination in noting its course and in wondering what would happen if the wind was not replenished in time. I feel something of the same fascination in watching on the map the movements of the Russian warships, the *Bayan* and the *Tsarevitch*, which are bound for Chinese waters. They passed through the Suez Canal a fortnight ago, and they will put into some Southern Indian or Ceylonese port to coal. Before they reach Port Arthur, in all probability, the great question whether there will be war this winter between Japan and Russia will have been settled.

That there is a great talk of conciliation both in Russia and Japan, while rumours of mobilisation come from Moscow and Tokio, does not absolutely point to peace, for immediately before the commencement of most wars one or both of the adversaries are sparring for time and loudly calling out that there is no intention of a serious fight. It was so just before the Spanish-American War, when the Government of the United States knew that a conflict was inevitable, and discovered that the stores of powder were not sufficient and that there was no preparation for the mobilisation of a large army and its transit across the sea. War then was, according to all the mouth-pieces of the American Government, quite an impossibility, and a pacific solution of the quarrel was certain.

If war does come between Japan and Russia, it will come with startling suddenness, and the first news of it might well be that Admiral Togo had, between Hong-Kong and Port Arthur, snapped up the two Russian war-ships now on their way out, or that a great naval battle had been fought by the Japanese to cover the landing of their troops on the Korean coast. If the *Bayan* and the *Tsarevitch* arrive at Port Arthur without war having been declared, I shall put away my map of China for a year.

There could be no mistake, even to a casual observer like myself, when I was at Cronstadt this autumn, that the dockyard there was getting ready ships in feverish haste, for the hammers rang day and night, and at the shipbuilding shed on the Neva just outside St. Petersburg there was also much energy. The Tsar had attended the launch of two ships-of-war the day before I reached St. Petersburg and had rewarded with extra pay every official and workman in the Arsenal, and in the various docks floated battleships and cruisers in various stages of completion, the workmen upon them looking like swarming bees. Russia has built up a great military force in Manchuria, and how many fighting-men she has there only a few high Russian officials know. She has sent out shiploads of soldiers through the Suez Canal, and she has poured men in by the railway, where no foreigner keeps tally. Beside the men who are visibly soldiers, Russia has in Manchuria a great number of workmen employed on railway-work, and these, so I am told, are no civilians, but are picked men of Russian regiments who can drop the pick and take up the rifle at a moment's notice.

The ordinary Russian soldier does wonderfully well with very little food and very little transport; but he is not a first-class modern fighting-man, for he lacks intelligence and initiative and he is not a good shot; but it is quite likely that, if the Japanese do meet a Russian Army, they will find themselves opposed by some of the very best of the Russian troops. A Russian once gave me his views as to the possibility of the invasion of India, and one remark he made struck me and has remained in my memory: "When your native troops cross swords with our cavalry, do not suppose that you will meet only irregulars. When we march into India it will be with a small army, but, because of this, it will consist of the very best troops that Russia can put into the field."

The Japanese Army I have not seen for ten years and more, but when I used to go at intervals on trips to the Land of the Chrysanthemum I saw something of their soldiers at work, and I admired their energy and endurance, and, above all, the fervent spirit of patriotism which ran through all ranks. I used to meet in the environs of Tokio the non-commissioned officers engaged on reconnaissance work, and they showed an aptitude for this which no European nation has. I was with one of their infantry brigades for a week of the big manoeuvres, and the manner in which the little fellows, carrying a tremendous load, marched all day long without any signs of fatigue was wonderful. In those days Japan had a better military rifle than we had, and, when all Europe took only light guns on to the field of battle, not yet having learned the lessons of the Boer War, I saw the Japanese arsenals stored with heavier ordnance than any of her critics thought was necessary. I went over some of the battlefields of the Satsuma rebellion, and there was one pass, where no turning movement was possible and where the Mikado's soldiers took breast-work after breast-work by hand-to-hand fighting, which looked the most impregnable position I ever saw. In the Chinese War the Japanese never had an opportunity of showing what they can do, for the Chinaman never stood long enough to make a good fight; but in an attack I should think that no European troops would be their superior,

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GOSSEP

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NEXT week will be one of the busiest His Majesty the King has gone through since his Accession, if, of course, the Coronation functions be excepted. On Monday, His Majesty dines in high state at the Middle Temple, of which honourable Society he is a Bencher, having been elected forty-two years ago next Saturday (31st). As Prince of Wales, His Majesty has dined in Hall more than once, but this is believed to be the first occasion on

which any of the four Inns of Court has ever had the honour of entertaining the reigning Sovereign at dinner. The old Hall, with its splendid Elizabethan roof, has often re-echoed to the sound of less decorous revelry, for it is not generally known that, when the floor of the Hall was taken up in 1764, nearly a hundred pair of dice were found underneath, which had dropped at various times through the chinks of the boards. It will be remembered that His Majesty served the office of Treasurer of the Middle Temple in the year of the Golden Jubilee.

The King's Sanatorium.

Very different indeed will be His Majesty's occupation on Tuesday, for on that day the Sovereign will lay the foundation-stone of the great sanatorium, near Midhurst, for which the funds were found by Sir Ernest Cassel. There are few lovelier spots in Surrey than the little estate which has been acquired for this most excellent of purposes, and the King, who is so keenly sensitive to natural beauty, will doubtless enjoy his visit to Midhurst. It is rather curious that His Majesty's sanatorium should be situated on the plot of ground known as Lord's Common. On this breezy upland every condition required for the treatment of consumptive patients seems fulfilled, and it is hoped that the building will be completed within a few months of the laying of the foundation-stone.

The Return of the Queen.

The country always extends a loyal and affectionate welcome home to Queen Alexandra. Her Majesty will spend most of November at Sandringham, where she will act as hostess to the King's shooting-guests. This quiet interval will, however, be broken by the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Windsor. Queen Alexandra will doubtless welcome with especial warmth Victor Emmanuel's Consort, owing to the fact that Queen Elena has been known from childhood to the Empress Dagmar of Russia, for while the future Queen Consort of Italy was being educated in St. Petersburg she was the playmate of the Russian Grand Duchesses.

A Fair Marchioness.

Young Lady Anglesey is certainly the most beautiful of the charming group of Peeresses who enjoy the proud title of Marchioness. As Miss Lilian Chetwynd, she was, in the truest sense, the fairest débutante of her year, for her hair is of that marvellous tint which Titian loved to paint. In many ways she is very original, and she has no love of sport, in spite of the fact that her father, Sir George Chetwynd, bears one of the most honoured names in racing circles. Lady Anglesey is fond of music, and, indeed, of all the arts, and, like Lady de Grey, she is devoted to Paris, where she spends a portion of each year, as also to that charming Breton watering-place, Dinard.

The Earl of Erroll, who has been appointed Lord-in-Waiting, is Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, the highest hereditary distinction in the United Kingdom after those enjoyed by the Royal Family. This title has, indeed, been in his house for six centuries. Lord Erroll is a relative of the reigning family, as his grandmother was a natural daughter of William IV. His mother was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria. The Earl has held several appointments on the Headquarters Staff of the Army and served in South Africa. He let his house in Aberdeenshire, Slains Castle, this autumn to Mr. Asquith.

A Royal Betrothal. From St. Petersburg comes news that the Princess Victoria Melita, second daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Edinburgh, has just been betrothed to her cousin, the Grand Duke Cyril, son of the Grand Duke Vladimir. The Princess, it will be remembered, was married on April 19, 1894, to the Grand Duke of Hesse, who, like herself, is a grandchild of Queen Victoria. The marriage, however, did not turn out very well, and in 1901 the Grand Duchess was divorced from her husband. From marrying a cousin on her father's side the Princess has now become betrothed to a more distant cousin on her mother's side.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

A Sporting Duchess. The Duchess of Bedford, though very feminine-looking and gifted with singularly quiet manners, is one of the most intrepid sportswomen in the world, and her prowess with rod and gun has made her famed even in these days of record lady-shots. The Duchess's love of sport and outdoor life is the more curious when it be remembered that she was the daughter of a popular Anglo-Indian clergyman, and thus spent much of her young life in the most enervating climate in the world. Lord Herbrand Russell wooed and won Miss Mary Tribe while acting as Aide-de-Camp to the then Viceroy, and the marriage was one of the great social Anglo-Indian events of that year. The Duke and Duchess have an only child, a son and heir, the Marquis of Tavistock, who already shares many of their interests and tastes. At Woburn Abbey the Duchess has a wonderful collection of wild animals; indeed, it is considered to be one of the best miniature "Zoos" in the world.

The Queen's Lord Chamberlain. Queen Alexandra, in choosing Lord Howe to succeed the late Lord Colville of Culross as her Lord Chamberlain, has honoured a very old friend of her own and of the King. Lord Howe, when Lord Curzon, was Treasurer of Queen Victoria's Household and sat for South Bucks, where, on one occasion, he administered a tremendous electoral beating to Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. In his father's lifetime the King and Queen enjoyed the magnificent hospitality of Gopsall, the family seat in Leicestershire, and since he succeeded to the title he has had the honour of entertaining their Majesties at a dinner and ball at Curzon House, Mayfair. Lady Howe is one of Lord Randolph Churchill's brilliantly clever group of sisters, which also includes Lady Wimborne, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and Lady Sarah Wilson.

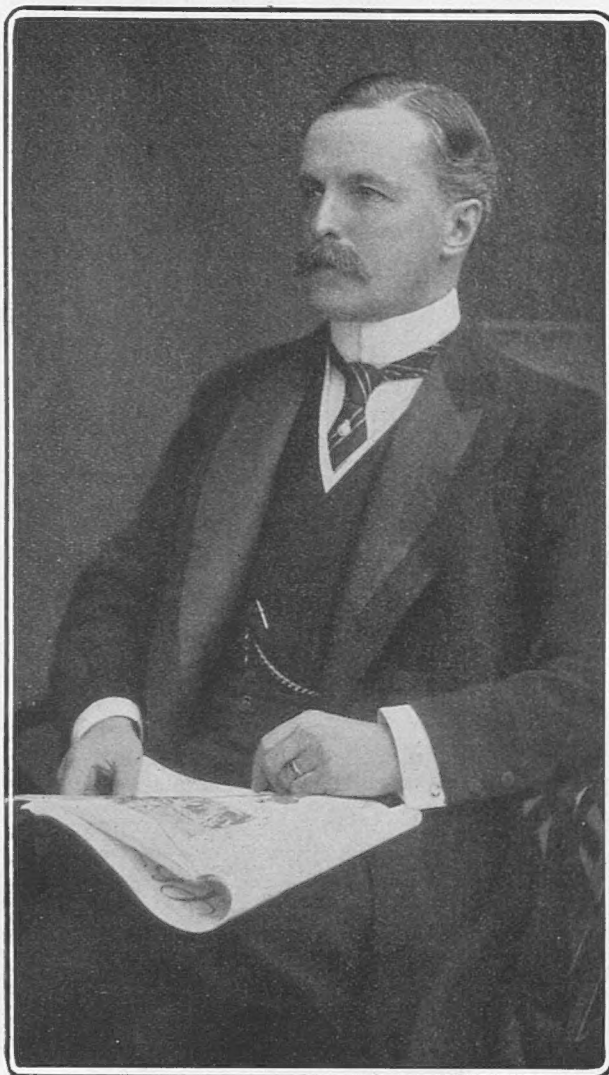
An Anglo-American Dowager-Duchess. Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, must be taking very great interest in the marriage of Miss Golet and the Duke of Roxburghe, for, as is the case with so many fair Americans who have become English by marriage, her Grace is quite devoted to her adopted country and nothing pleases her more than the news of suitable Anglo-American alliances. The Duchess has made her home at "The Deepdene," Lord Francis Hope's famous place near Dorking. There she and her little son, who is a nephew of Lord Charles Beresford, are both very popular, the more so that she is never tired of doing kindly actions and conferring benefits on the pretty little country town with which she has associated herself since her third marriage. "The Deepdene" is a veritable treasure-house filled with innumerable objects of "bigotry and virtue," and its present mistress does everything in her power to keep up the peculiarly fine character both of the house and of the splendid gardens.

The King and the Photographers.

King Victor Emmanuel was, during his stay in France, pursued wherever he went by an army of amateur and professional photographers. He was very gracious to his pursuers, and smilingly allowed himself to be snapshotted, although he has a dislike to the process and has on more than one occasion begged his friends to destroy the negatives of any snapshots they have taken of him. Like the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, he has an objection to be taken in profile, and only once has he made an exception to his rule. That was in the case of the painter Gervex, who, in his picture of the Coronation of the Czar, had to paint all the foreign Princes grouped round the throne in profile. The only difficulty was in the case of the King of Italy, or Prince of Naples, as he then was. However, the artist made his request, and three days later he received a photograph of the Prince in profile. That photograph is unique, for it was the only copy printed and the negative was immediately destroyed.

Mr. Morley's Reappearance.

When the biography of Macaulay appeared, Mr. John Morley remarked that, if Mr. Trevelyan's course in politics were not so useful as it was, one might be tempted to regret that he had not chosen literature for the main field of his career. Some readers of the "Life of Gladstone" have felt a similar regret in the case of his biographer. Yet all Liberals have been charmed by Mr. Morley's reappearance on the Party platform, and if he is ambitious he may yet fill a great rôle in Parliament, where recently he has sunk almost into insignificance. Like his former Leader, he appeals successfully to moral instincts, and the fact that he enjoyed that Leader's confidence and affection is greatly in his favour. Mr. Morley is sixty-five, but has been in Parliament for less than twenty years.



EARL HOWE, LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

(MODESTY PREVENTS US FROM CALLING ATTENTION TO HIS LORDSHIP'S UNEQUIVOCAL TASTE IN ART AND LITERATURE.—ED.)

Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

The New Lord Advocate.

Unless Mr. Graham Murray, the new Secretary for Scotland, is raised to the Peerage, Mr. Scott Dickson, who has succeeded him as Lord Advocate, will have a secondary rôle in the House of Commons. Mr. Graham Murray is a man of fashion, a favourite in Society, an associate of the smart set in the House, and a sententious speaker inclined to quiz the Scottish Radical. Mr. Scott Dickson, on the other hand, is a homely Scot with a Glasgow accent, shrewd and hard-headed rather than brilliant. Perhaps he will not try to score off Mr. Weir, who asks questions every day and discusses trivial parish affairs on every opportunity. This is Mr. Scott Dickson's first Parliament in the House of Commons. He was for several years without a seat after he became Solicitor-General for Scotland, and his successor in that office, Mr. Dundas, has never been in Parliament.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson puts Helen Keller's "The Story of My Life" among the ten "most American books," along with "The Scarlet Letter," Emerson's Essays, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."



LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

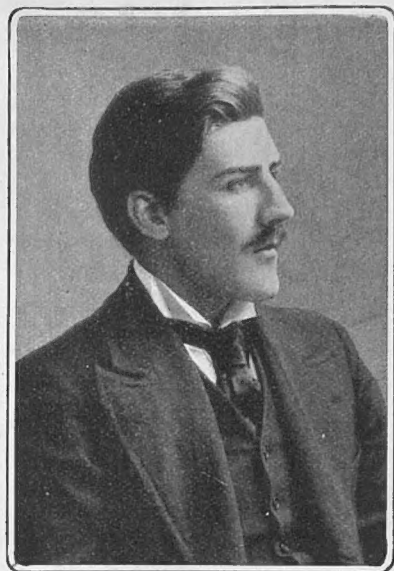
Photograph by Esme Collings, New Bond Street, W.

A Muscular Christian.

The Peerage does not contain many such examples of muscular Christianity as Lord Kinnaird, who has been President of the Football Association since 1890. It was at Eton that he learnt his football, for the Eton game, though individual, is, as is well known, not unlike the ordinary Association game. He was a very good half-back in the 'sixties and is always remembered as the founder of the Old Etonians' Football Club. His football days are over now, for he will soon be fifty-seven, and yet it is not so very long ago that he played his last game in a veterans' team. Lord Kinnaird's manly face and frame are well known at Exeter Hall and wherever the evangelical cause is being promoted, and he is both able and willing to help that cause.

Cora, Lady Strafford.

The life of Cora, Lady Strafford, has been in some ways quite curiously like that of Lily, Duchess of Marlborough. Her first husband was an immensely wealthy American of the name of Colgate. As a widow, she came to Europe, and soon became very popular in London Society; accordingly, none of her friends were surprised to hear of her marriage to the elderly Peer who was for so long Queen Victoria's trusted servant and friend. After his tragic death she elected to remain in England,



LORD BALCARRES, M.P., THE NEW JUNIOR LORD OF THE TREASURY.

Photograph by Gillman.

Lord Balfarres.

The future Earl of Crawford is, perhaps, the most interesting individual on whom Mr. Balfour has lately rained promotion. He belongs to that group of young men who are earnestly desirous—and this in no priggish fashion—to leave the world better than they found it, and before his marriage he was an inmate of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, in the days when the Bishop of London was simply a hard-working East-End clergyman influencing those around him, both of high and low degree, to give themselves up to work for others. Lord Balfarres, as is meet in one whose parents own the historic Villa Palmieri at Florence, is a great connoisseur and art-critic, and he has proved extremely useful as a member of the Select Committee of the South Kensington Museum. He married three years ago one of Lord Wemyss's grand-daughters, and thus Lady Balfarres calls Mr. St. John Brodrick uncle. Lady Balfarres shares all her distinguished husband's tastes and interests.



LORD AND LADY KINNAIRD.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

and now she is about to become, for the second time, the wife of a distinguished Englishman, Mr. Kennard. The marriage is expected to take place very soon and will probably be one of the smartest of November weddings.

The Queen's Favourite Hostess.

Few twentieth-century hostesses have been more highly honoured by their Majesties than has the pretty mistress of West Dean Park. Mrs. Willie James has beauty as a birthright, for she is a niece of Georgiana, Lady Dudley, and a daughter of Helen, Lady Forbes of Newe. When the Queen, as Princess of Wales, paid what was for her quite a long visit to West Dean, the fact created quite a sensation, for it is well known that Her Majesty does not care for country-house visits, though, of course, she often has occasion to accompany the King to those stately homes of England owned by the members of our great nobility. Mrs. Willie James is by no means wholly devoted to Society and its doings: she is the fond mother of a charming group of children, of whom one is the god-daughter and namesake of the Queen. Perhaps her principal hobby is a love of amateur theatricals, and she has taken part in some really celebrated performances of the kind, notably at Chatsworth.



MRS. WILLIE JAMES, THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE HOSTESS.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

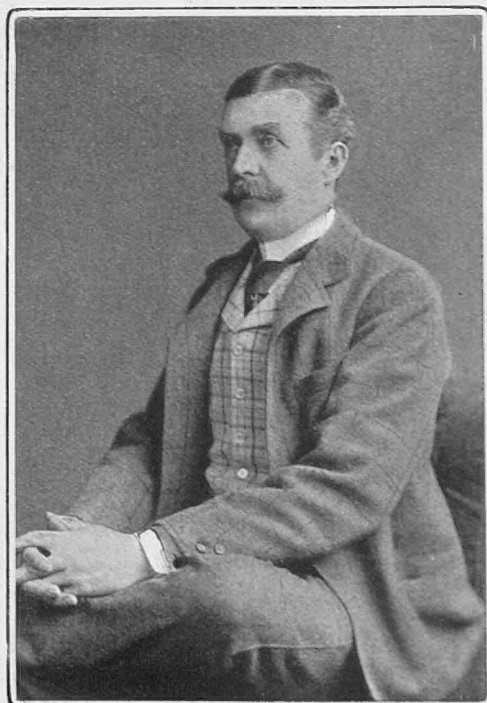


CORA, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

A Courtly Radical Peer.

Lord Carrington, who has recently been deprecating personalities in political controversy, is about as Radical as a Peer can be. Possibly the fact that his father originally bore the name of Smith may have something to do with it; certain it is that Lord Carrington has a most genial and lovable personality and is popular alike with Prince and peasant. He is almost exactly the same age as the King, whom he attended as Aide-de-Camp when His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, visited India in 1875. Since then Lord Carrington has played many parts: he has captained the Gentlemen-at-Arms, he was Lord Chamberlain of Queen Victoria's Household, he has done a vast amount of work on the London County Council, and last, but not least, he governed New South Wales for five years. Lady Carrington is the eldest daughter of Lord Suffield. In right of his mother, Lord Carrington is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England.



EARL CARRINGTON, JOINT HEREDITARY LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN OF ENGLAND.

Photograph by Starling, High Wycombe.

*Thackeray's
Son-in-Law.*

Law and letters are hereditary in Sir Leslie Stephen's family. The younger brother of the famous Mr. Justice Stephen, he took the path of letters all the more because he married Harriet, daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray. His tall, spare figure is familiar at the Athenæum, and he has never in any way derogated from his position as a writer and critic of the first rank. He edited the *Cornhill* for more than ten years, and the "Dictionary of National Biography" was largely his conception, and when he handed it over to Mr. Sidney Lee it had already travelled a long way towards completion. Perhaps the most delightful of all Sir Leslie's books is the famous "Hours in a Library," of which three series have already appeared. In all his work there is something more solid and constructive than the mere prattle about books and authors which is so fashionable nowadays. Scholarly and academic as his mind is, Sir Leslie nevertheless wrote admirable biographies both of Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, whose life was certainly eminently practical, and of his distinguished brother, the Judge, who also lived by no means a secluded life. Sir Leslie, who was created a "K.C.B." last year, married as his second wife the widow of Mr. Herbert Duckworth, and thus became step-father to the energetic young publisher of that name; but he was again left a widower in 1895.

King and Kaiser.

The delivery by Count von Gleichen, the newly appointed British Military Attaché in Berlin, of an autograph letter from King Edward to the German Emperor has served to remind the public of the outstanding visit of the British Sovereign to the German Court (writes our Correspondent). As a considerable amount of breath is being wasted by the Anglophobe Press with the object of circulating the fiction that King Edward has failed to return the visit paid to him last year by his Imperial nephew, it may be as well if I explain the facts of the case from the standpoint of Court etiquette. In the first place, King Edward has already visited the Emperor William privately at Wilhelmshöhe. He did so during his stay at Homburg, and it was in reply to that call that the Emperor went to Sandringham last year as the private guest of his Royal uncle. It is therefore incorrect to say, as do the German newspapers, that King Edward has not returned the visit of the Emperor. It is true that

King Edward has not yet officially visited the Berlin Court since his accession to the Throne. But, as I explained some months ago, the German Government is quite content that that visit shall, for the present, be postponed. It is afraid lest the comments of the Anglophobe Press might mar the success of the visit and so contribute to fan the flames of national animosity both in Great Britain and Germany. Certain it is, however, that the visit will be paid some time next year, and that from Berlin King Edward will proceed to St. Petersburg.

*Monuments to
Emperor and
Empress Frederick.*

The grand monuments to the Emperor Frederick and his illustrious spouse, which were unveiled last week in front of the Brandenburg Thor, in Berlin, cannot be pronounced an artistic success. Apart from the superfluous display of marble in the decorative scheme, neither Professor Brütt nor Professor Gerth have succeeded in imparting a characteristic expression to the features of their Majesties. Most unnatural is the pose of the Empress Frederick, who is represented standing in the attitude—right leg before—common to nearly all the Hohenzollern rulers as depicted in the groups of statuary which line the Avenue of Victory. The artistic deficiencies of the new monuments are the more regrettable owing to the enthusiastic desire of the German nation to have sculptural honour done to their late Majesties. All the children of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, including the Emperor William, were present at the unveiling ceremony. With touching filial tact, His Majesty, at the luncheon which followed, refrained from delivering a personal eulogy of his parents. He recited, instead, a very fine appreciation composed by his old tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter.

*The Duke and
Duchess of Teck.*

The Duke of Teck, who, with the Duchess, has been the guest for some weeks past of Sir F. C. Lascelles at the Embassy in Berlin, has now returned to England. It was reported some time ago that His Highness had been appointed Military Attaché. The error was obvious. It has been cleared up by the arrival of Count von Gleichen, who has now succeeded Colonel Waters at the Berlin post. Another guest of the Ambassador was Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who has also returned to England.



Lord Gayspark (Mr. Sidney Howard). Captain Belville (Mr. G. Ridgwell). John Fairfax (Mr. T. Daniel). Dolly Varden (Miss Mabelle Gillman).

A SCENE FROM "DOLLY VARDEN," AT THE AVENUE: SOME OF DOLLY'S LOVERS.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

CONVALESCENTS AND THE CAMERA: "THE SKETCH" PICTORIAL BULLETINS.



MR. DAN LENO AT PARKSTONE, NEAR BOURNEMOUTH: THE COMEDIAN WORKING UP SOME "WHEEZES" FOR DRURY LANE.

Reproduced, from private snapshots, by special permission of Mr. Dan Leno.



MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE IN NEW YORK: THE POET'S ROOF-STUDY.

Mr. Le Gallienne has now decided to take up his residence permanently in America. He finds the air of New York more health-giving than that of London.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

The theatre-going world in Paris—all Paris, that is, save the little tradespeople, who never recreate at all from year's end to year's end, but grub up small fortunes busily until, in middle life, they retire to peace and cabbage-planting in the country—has been smiling at Mr. Pinero's "high tea" notion, and the opinion on the boulevards is that, for once, the so much vaunted



MADLLE. MARTHE REGNIER, NOW PLAYING AT THE PARIS VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

practical good sense of Englishmen has failed them. Why, ask the boulevardiers, why the closing system for respectable restaurants? In Paris, where all trifling with the liberties is hotly resented, wine-shops and restaurants are licensed up to different hours, according to their *clientèle*, and this could be done quite as well in London. Why not, if necessary, go on closing public-houses at 12.30 and on Saturdays at midnight, and leave the supper-places open for an hour or two later? The railway companies would follow suit, no doubt. As for the bare notion of "high tea," the boulevardier shivers at it, and, as the Vicomte (a friend of mine whose knowledge of English idiom is even more peculiar than it is extensive) said the other evening, "Sir Pinero perhaps has seized the walking-stick by the ferrule."

The Duke of Argyll has, I hear, accepted the Presidency of the Le Touquet Golf Club and has purchased the ground for a chalet near the links. Le Touquet, which was a wilderness of sand and little pine-trees a short time ago, is rapidly becoming a French-English Aix-les-Bains, and, situated as it is half-way between the two big capitals on each side of the Channel, its rise is not incomprehensible. I spent an hour there this summer with Mr. Whitley, of Earl's Court celebrity, who is resolving beauty out of chaos with a wonderful rapidity, and what I saw convinced me that his Kaisership Lebaudy might do worse than take a look round Le Touquet and gather hints for Troja. But of watering-places there is no end, and when the Simplon Tunnel is complete, perhaps before, Parisians will be rushing off for week-ends to Bognanco, near Domodossola; of which resort a friend from Northern Italy who was in Paris during the Royal visit tells me many marvels. Domodossola is just at the end of the completed portion of the Simplon Railway, and owns several wells the properties of whose waters are said to be miraculous. These wells attract annual hordes of Italian pilgrims on the lines of Lourdes. Whether they be miraculous or not I do not know, but my friend, who is a doctor, declares Bognanco's waters to be cures for the ills that "Little Mary" may be heir to, and prattles merrily of gold-mines in the neighbourhood and scenery which cannot be equalled for wild beauty.

ROME.

The visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Paris has been the cause of untold rejoicing amongst all Italians, and especially amongst those in Rome. Their delight at the event has manifested itself in every possible way; bands played in the Piazza Colonna, patriotic songs were sung, processions were formed spontaneously by the Romans, and one of these was quite unique, being headed by a Frenchman and an Italian who walked, like ancient comrades of war, arm-in-arm through the streets. Even the Sala della Stampa, or Press-room, where all the correspondents of provincial papers and foreign representatives in Rome write their evening telegrams, changed from a solemn, murky, dismal office into a noisy, joyous Club-room; wine was served round in unlimited quantity to all alike, and, so far as time would permit—for, whatever the occasion, business is business and telegrams must be sent if news exists to be transmitted—friendly references to France and Italy were made and mutual toasts were drunk by French, Italian, German, and English correspondents alike.

Even the old, weather-beaten, roseate-visaged newspaper-seller was borne in mind, and the one-armed "slavey" and the mischievous, ubiquitous messengers were duly "treated." Quite a French, even a truly Parisian atmosphere prevailed, and all went home that night and dreamed of possible and impossible combinations of races, and of alliances, *ententes*, and other understandings, until the next morning with its heavy "sirocco"-heated air brought to each and all the sad but sure realisation that the city which the night before had seemed a gay and gladsome Paris was, after all, only a hot, stuffy, and dismal Rome. Not that Rome is dismal as a rule: far from it. Yet, the postponement of the visit of the Czar— But enough of this! Of that sorry subject all are tired to death, and the less said about it the better. The Italians, for their part, are all of one mind: they mean swiftly and surely to bury the hatchet.

Mr. Ronald Hamilton, Second Secretary to the British Embassy, met with a most unfortunate accident this week. He was riding with some friends outside Rome, near the Via Parioli, when his horse bolted and fell awkwardly, dragging its rider along the ground. From inquiries



"CHAVITA," A GRACEFUL SPANISH DANCER APPEARING AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE, PARIS.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

which I have just made, it seems that Mr. Hamilton, though he was badly shaken and his thigh and face considerably hurt, was not really seriously maimed. Professor Bastianelli, Rome's famous surgeon, is in attendance on him and reports satisfactory progress.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MY MORNING PAPER brings distressing rumours from Madrid. They say there that the young King is consumptive and has been undergoing some open-air treatment for his complaint. It is more than likely that the news is true. Alfonso XII. died of consumption, and his son has never looked robust. But if he has shown signs of the terrible malady that releases so many of the world's inhabitants, why in the name of common-sense does he remain in Madrid at all? San Sebastian in the North, Sevilla or Granada in the South, would give him a good chance of prolonged life, but the capital of Spain is fatal to sufferers from pulmonary troubles and makes short work of them. The tranquillity and prosperity that Spain now enjoys would be very rudely disturbed if anything happened to Alfonso XIII. It is only by the sustained efforts of statesmen that the kingdom is held together and the indolent Castiles are enabled to govern progressive Catalonia.

boric acid. If the stalwarts thrive, the preservatives will be deemed harmless; if they do not thrive, the manufacturers and dealers in the preparations must languish too. There is something so refreshingly simple about this idea that I find myself wondering why it was never put into action before. What a fine thing it would be if everybody with a patent food, a patent medicine, or anything else that demands some measure of public credulity, could be compelled to give indisputable proof of faith in its efficacy! Awkward conditions would arise from time to time, but the balance would be in favour of the public.

I notice that some of the railway companies are taking the motor-car into their service, to the great benefit of their patrons. Every railway system in the country has termini in very delightful spots beyond which it does not pay to extend the line just at present. A service of motor-cars in connection with the chief trains of the day



THE PARLIAMENTOPHONE.

[DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.]

AN ARTIST'S DREAM OF THE FUTURE: DROP A PENNY IN THE SLOT AND LISTEN TO YOUR FAVOURITE POLITICIAN.

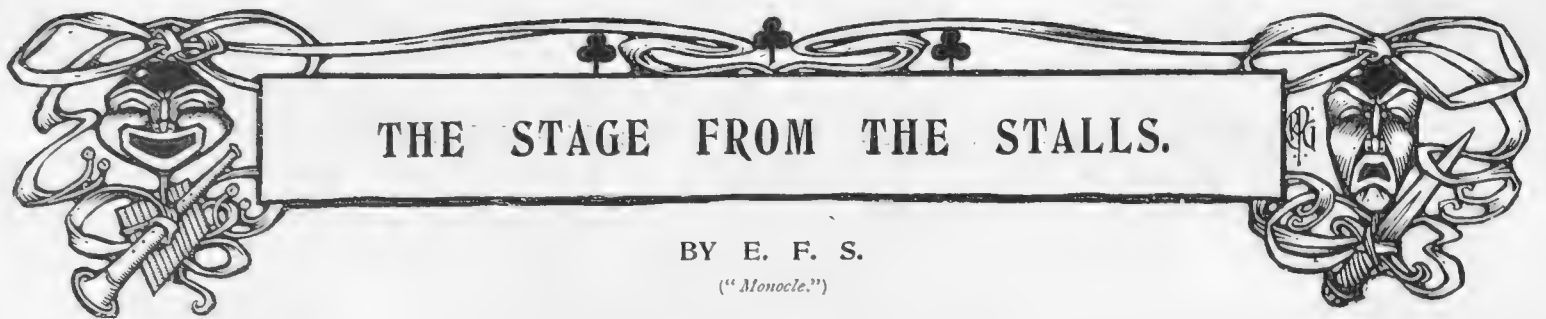
"The question of introducing the Electrophone into the Houses of Parliament has been seriously considered."

We expect to see strange things appearing after prolonged rain, and this has been a very rainy year; but what has the United Kingdom done that Mrs. Dowie should threaten to come from Zion, Chicago, United States, to bring us salvation? I read that so soon as that elderly humbug—I mean, saint—her husband has shown Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Schwab, and others whose wealth makes them worth convincing, the error of their ways, he will send his better-half to London to reform us. Perhaps the old hum—I mean, saint—has not forgotten the precise valuation set upon him by intelligent London audiences, and thinks he may rely upon British chivalry to give his wife a better hearing. It is time to inaugurate a Society to protect Britons from bores, and the executive of such Society should move the Home Secretary to forbid Mrs. Dowie's public appearance. For Dowie himself it is hard to suggest a remedy; ridicule can't kill him, but tar-and-feathers might make him anxious to return to Zion City. I offer the suggestion to my brethren of N'York, who are suffering acutely from Dowie and his saints.

I read that the American authorities are putting certain foods and preservatives to a practical test. Some stalwarts ready to eat heartily and regularly for their country's good have been engaged to live on foods that have been treated with preserving preparations such as

enables visitors to see the best country of the district and note the accommodation, with an eye to future summer holidays. The tendency to shift to the country and ignore the seaside grows steadily in England, and the motor service will give it additional impetus. Perhaps the motor-car and motor-van will enable districts to dispense with light railways, which may be useful, but are very far from adding to the attractions of any place.

The new Pope has done well to replace the fiery, ambitious, unscrupulous Rampolla by the modest yet brilliant Monsignore Mery del Val. The post of Secretary of State to the Vatican is a very difficult one and demands extraordinary capacity. Monsignore del Val has gifts in abundance. He speaks English, French, Spanish, and Italian, he has the advantage of youth, being on the sunny side of forty, and has held many high offices. At present he is Archbishop of Nicosia and President of the Pontifical Academy of noble Churchmen. His younger brother, Don Alfonso Mery del Val, is private tutor to the King of Spain, and is, I believe, connected with the Spanish Foreign Office. He, too, is a linguist and a scholar. It is to be hoped that Monsignore del Val will mark his accession to office by curbing the bitterness of the Vatican organs, the *Voce della Verità* (save the mark) and the *Osservatore Romano*.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"HIGH TEA"—"THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC."

ALL the world—the newspaper world—seems thrilled by the question of drama and "high tea." Are we to watch plays whilst suffering from indigestion and acutely awake instead of agreeably semi-somnolent during the period of digestion? If I were a dramatist, I would sooner have my play, particularly a new play, heard by people ruminating after a good dinner than those suffering from the efforts of an unaccustomed system to grapple with "high tea," or the wiser who, scorning the "high tea," have taken a scanty dinner and feel ferociously hungry at the most important moment of the piece. Mr. Pinero may talk and managers may act as chorus, but to suggest that the London world regards the London drama as sufficiently serious to change its habits if the theatres were to alter their hours is to ignore the facts. The proportion borne by the people who visit the first-class playhouses to see works that demand thoughtful, scrupulous attention to the actual population is sadly small, and the popularity of pieces which demand—or, at least, deserve—very little attention at all is melancholy evidence that we are content with our staple fare, which is not thoughtful drama. There is a curious want of good sense underlying the matter. Persuade people—if you can—to come at seven after a scamped meal, and you will find that, instead of coming late, they will leave early, and that the recollection of numbers forced to eat supper without being accustomed to do so will be not of an agreeable dream, but of a painful nightmare. It may be said that a great many people sup after the theatre; they are chiefly those who sup to show themselves or see others, and eat little, and go on to other entertainments afterwards.

The fact is often lost sight of that a theatre opens its doors to several classes of society with different habits and that the hours chosen are result of a compromise. A compromise, of course, is an arrangement which pleases nobody, but secures peace with murmurs. One cannot ignore the fact that the time for opening is not the same for all. People who go to the unreserved seats to see a successful play must arrive about an hour before the doors open. It may be possible for them to get to the theatre at somewhere about half-past six for an eight o'clock piece and have a simple "meal" beforehand; but, if the play is to begin at seven, it can hardly be shown that they could arrive by half-past five instead of six-thirty. And it must be noted that I am modest in my estimate of the time they may have to wait. The ordinary upper middle-class working-man does not finish his work till about six o'clock. Will he, between this and seven, have time to get from his office, study, studio, surgery, chambers, or the like, and to arrive at the theatre and have any kind of meal, even assuming that he does not go home for his women-folk? It must be remembered that, whilst some say we eat too much, others allege that we eat too fast, and all agree that to take supper is to eat too late. Moreover, our upper middle-class working-man as a rule makes a light lunch in a hurry and is really hungry at about half-past seven, perhaps not by six o'clock, and, if he has not eaten his accustomed quantity by half-past eight, will yawn with hunger by half-past nine. As for the upper middle-class idle people and the class above, their dining-hour has grown steadily later during the last fifty years, owing to what they deem the necessities of that which they call "life." They dine at about eight, because they are terrifically busy doing nothing till nearly seven, and this allows little enough time to the ladies for the prodigiously complicated toilettes of this century. "Down with evening-dress!" cry some of the reformers—I hope the phrase is not open to misconstruction—but this is forgetful of the fact that these gorgeous beings, not the reformers, dress between seven and eight not for evening, but for the night and early morning. A sort of half the world—not, of course, the *demi-monde*—exists from ten a.m. to two a.m., and not from eight in the morning till midnight, and here comes an obstacle to the proposed change against which the drama in its present state is powerless.

If our dramatists wish to write long plays, they must imitate Sardou and put nothing into the first Act that cannot be missed with impunity, or they must go back to the classics and avoid those changes of elaborate scenes involving the long intervals, which, alas, are often the most agreeable moments of the entertainments. It is conceivable that no well-constructed, closely written play dealing with modern life needs much more than two hours or thereabouts, exclusive of the *entr'actes*, and most of the critics have found that "Letty" is too long by reason of scenes connected with the minor characters brilliantly written but excessively developed. After all, whether a piece begins at seven or eight, and whether, after a short dinner or a complete meal, it has to be witnessed towards the close

of the day by people inevitably tired as the result of work or play, and whilst with the utmost enthusiasm I plead for the intellectual drama, I suggest that, if given in the evening, it ought not to be very long. Strength often is in something like inverse proportion to length, and a long piece is unlikely to hold the attention of people necessarily somewhat wearied unless their attention has occasional relaxation by the introduction of more or less impertinent auxiliary plots and ancillary characters and of the awe-inspiring comic relief.

If it had not been Mr. Pinero who set the ball rolling, one might have imagined that the agitation is the work of the restaurant-keepers, who see the chance of serving more suppers and also feeding *pater-familias* compelled to dine out in his rush to the seven o'clock play. Let the managers beware of these mercenary hosts. Tack the expense of restaurant dinner and supper to the cost of going to the theatre, and even in these days of extravagance many will reduce their playgoing from motives of economy. Were it feasible, a system of attaching restaurants to theatres might be serviceable to managers if they could cater at reasonable rates; but this would be impossible in most cases, and in all there would be a risk, for the restaurant, like the playhouse, would have to appeal to people from different classes with different standards of gastronomy and extravagance.

Perhaps there has been too much talk concerning the fact that "The Duchess of Dantzic" is a return to comic opera—a form of entertainment which can hardly be regarded as dead, or even quite moribund, since two other comic operas are running. One is inclined to protest that an excessively great importance is attached to the fact that Mr. George Edwardes is the producer; it suggests that people regard him with exultation as a repentant sinner. No doubt, he has been the most important factor in the development of musico-dramatic art—there are, of course, some carpers who would object to the term "development" and the word "art"—but the theory that he has now decided to elevate works of this order is without foundation. I take it that he recognises the fact that for some time past those who desire union of plot and music have been neglected. The Savoy has not catered for them, and Daly musical comedy and Gaiety musical farce have offered little to them. Yet it is imaginable that they are many and will support the new venture. "The Duchess of Dantzic" hardly furnishes an ideal "book." It was far from excellent as a non-musical ordinary play, and modification and music do not help greatly. Despite the quality of Mr. Caryll's contribution, there is an air of incongruity about the entertainment; the music seems to pop in accidentally. Still, it pleases; indeed, on the first-night, though Miss Evie Greene, in the heavy name-part, was hampered by a cold, the house was delighted. Her acting was much admired. I have been reading an article advising her to join the so-called "legitimate" drama and give up comic opera, &c. Certainly her performance was decidedly clever and just the kind for the particular audience, but does not prove that she would play the part successfully under the changed circumstances. As the Duchess, she is to Miss Ellen Terry what Miss Terry was to Réjane. Some consider that the triumph of the affair was the Napoleon of Mr. Holbrook Blinn, and some of us are sick of stage Napoleons, however good in their way. Certainly the actor looked the part, and had the airs and manners that form the popular idea of the terrible man belittled for the traffic of the stage. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan and Mr. Lawrence Rea hardly find scope for their gifts, though they scored by their singing. Mr. Courtice Pounds, one of the best of the amphibia—the players successful in musical and unmusical drama—charmed the house in three capacities; his part is not very skilfully drawn and it is to be apprehended that he may "work up" Papillon too much. Miss Adrienne Augarde also became a favourite, and deserved her success.

If Mr. Caryll enjoys no great triumph as composer of the music, one must recognise the difficulty of the task allotted to him in treating Mr. Henry Hamilton's libretto, which, though it shows no little skill in producing a "book," suggests opéra-comique and seems to demand treatment as serious opera with spoken passages of dialogue. Mr. Caryll has been wise in not treating it quite seriously and producing a work to which the term officially employed, of "romantic light opera," would be unsuitable; but, as a result, there are incongruities, which, however, should not make us forget the prettiness of some of his tunes, richness of his concerted numbers, and the nice musicianly quality shown throughout. In mounting the work, Mr. Edwardes is true to the traditions of lavishness which, in the opinion of some critics, are prejudicial to the stage.



MISS HAZEL THOMPSON,
PLAYING WINIFRED YESTER IN "SHADES OF NIGHT," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES has given his patrons a theatre that is the veritable *édition-de-luxe* of the theatrical world and will be among the most noticeable of the Strand improvements. The new site is considerably larger than the old one, and the theatre, which is a three-tier house, offers accommodation to 1326 people,

including four hundred in the gallery and three hundred in the pit. Mr. Edwardes is not among the managers who believe that a house can be independent of the support that the popular seats bring, and, indeed, pit and gallery have always held strong if critical patrons of the present Gaiety manager.

Externally, the New Gaiety owes its form to the Florentine Renaissance School, and there will be a fine roof on the house by the end of next month, in shape of a dome forty feet in diameter and ninety feet above the pavement, supported by seven pairs of consoles and surmounted by a figure seventeen feet high.

MR. ERNEST RUNTZ, ARCHITECT OF THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE.

The entire construction is practically fireproof, and a complete system of high-pressure fire-mains has been installed in the auditorium and behind the scenes, while an asbestos fire-resisting curtain is fitted to the proscenium. Ventilating and heating

arrangements have been carried to such a pitch of development that pure warm air will be passing constantly through the auditorium and over the stage. Under the conditions of construction and ventilation, draughts will be unknown, and no opening and shutting of doors will convey even a momentary chill to the lightly clad playgoers in the stalls and dress-circle. The electric-lighting has been carried out so carefully and generously that a breakdown is well-nigh impossible. There are wires and cables in the theatre that would cover twenty-two and a-half miles in straight line, the copper alone weighing several tons. There are more than five miles of steel tubing, and many thousand feet of casing for the wires, while the electric current at the theatre is from twelve circuits and four different supply-stations. The stage possesses fifteen hundred incandescent lights and twenty-four arc-lamps, while the house holds no fewer than eighteen hundred lights.

The chief entrance to the New Gaiety is at the junction of the Strand and Aldwych. Entering there, the playgoer finds himself in the circular, columniated Crush Room, from which staircases lead right and left to the Grand Circle. From there he can go right or left to the full length of the tier, which has exits direct to the street, obviating all need for going through the Crush Room. In case of panic, the house can be emptied without delay, excitement, or risk. The Stall saloon is below the Crush Room, and the Grand Circle, Balcony, and Gallery saloons are above all, in the same circular formation as the Crush Room itself. The private boxes of the Stalls and Grand Circle tiers have retiring-rooms, quite a novel feature and one that playgoers will appreciate, and the suite on the O.P. side of the Grand Circle will become, upon occasion, the Royal retiring-rooms, reached by separate private entrance from Aldwych. The Royal rooms are decorated in the Adam style with modelled frieze, ceilings, and panelled walls, while the furniture is inlaid satinwood quite in keeping with the decoration scheme, and the drapings and coverings are of heliotrope silk.

In the foyer the visitor to the new theatre will find several Gaiety favourites of past time and present day, for the panels are occupied by full-length portraits of Nelly Farren, Kate Vaughan, Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, and Ellaline Terriss, a selection that must appeal to one and all.

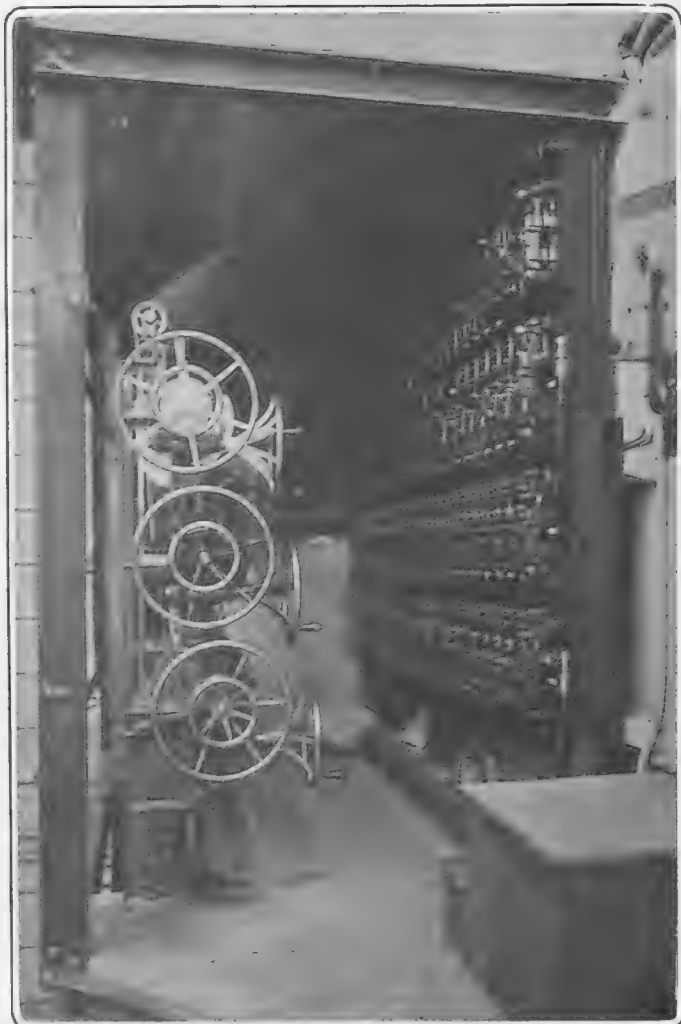
The vaulted ceiling of the auditorium, which has been shaped with a view to securing the best acoustic results, has three decorative tympanum panels in oils by Charles Buchel, representing Aladdin's journey from his old palace to the new one. Upon either side of this opening are niches containing decorated figures of Music and Dancing, by Mr. Hibbert Binney.

Mr. Ernest Runtz and Mr. George McLean Ford are the architects of Mr. Edwardes's new theatre, and they have designed the decorative work and upholstery as well as the general structure, thus preserving a harmony as desirable as it is rare. It is worthy of note that when there was some trouble with the London County Council and the progress of the new theatre was endangered, Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., to whom London is so much indebted, prepared sketch-designs for the exterior of the theatre, and satisfied the needs of the L.C.C. Messrs. Runtz and Ford prepared their working drawings of the exterior from Mr. Norman Shaw's designs.

Mr. Edwardes and the clever workers who serve him are to be congratulated upon their achievement, and *The Sketch* hopes that Mr. Buchel's panels will be justified and that the management will find the Sacred Lamp that John Hollingshead lighted burning as brightly as ever in its new home.

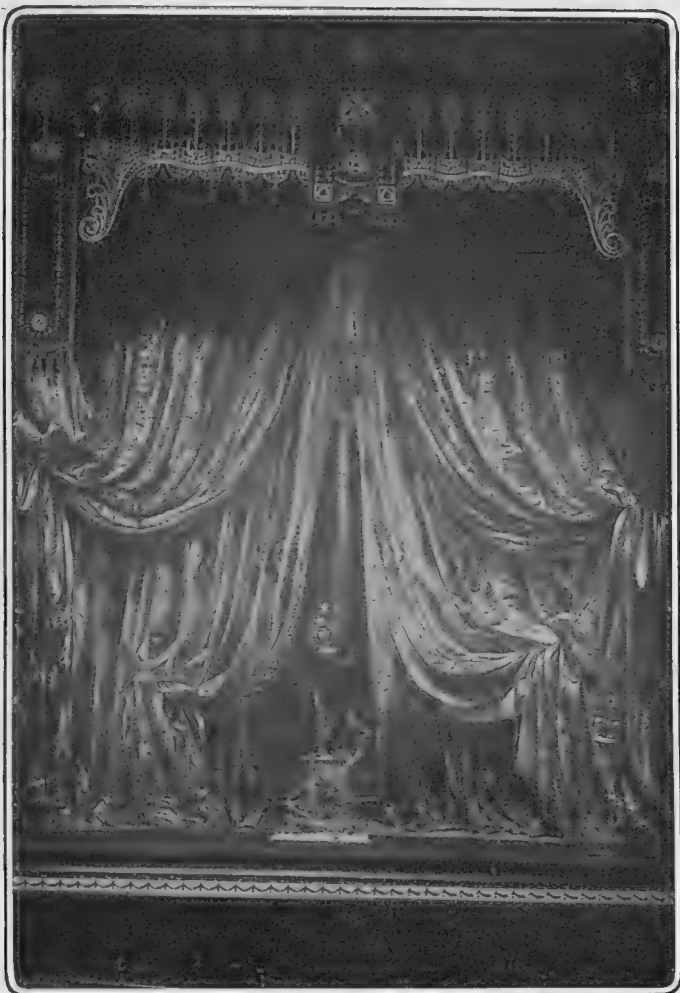


A PRETTY PANEL: MISS LETTY LIND.

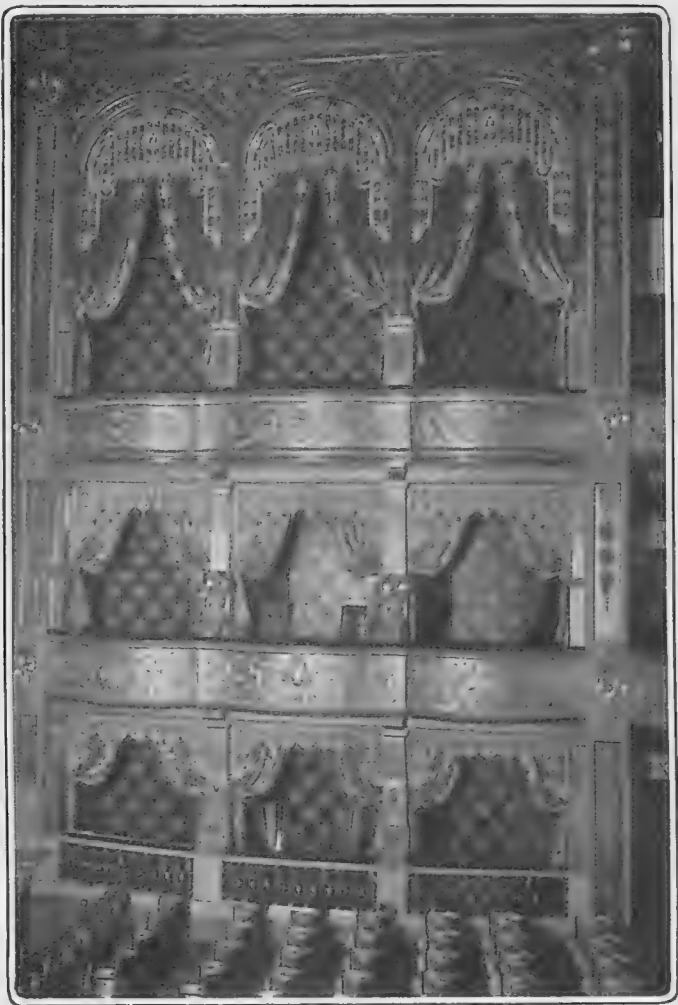


THE ELECTRIC SWITCH-BOARD: THE ELECTRIC CURRENT IS FROM TWELVE CIRCUITS AND FOUR DIFFERENT SUPPLY-STATIONS.

THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE.



THE "ACT-DROP" DESIGNED BY JOSEPH HARKER.



THE PROMPT SIDE BOXES.



NELLY FARREN.

KATE VAUGHAN.

THE DRESS-CIRCLE SALOON, SHOWING THE PANELS OF NELLIE FARREN AND KATE VAUGHAN.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.



"HERE IS A DOG THAT LOVES TO BE CARICATURED."



"BUT THIS OLD LADY PREFERS PHOTOGRAPHY."



"MY OWN OPINION? WELL, DO YOUR BEST AND THEN I'LL TELL YOU."

MR. LESLIE WARD, under his assumed name of "Spy," has contributed what is, to all intents and purposes, a portrait-gallery of celebrities to the history of our own time. Indeed, with nothing more in one's hands than the caricatures or character-portraits—for they have, for the most part, developed into the latter form of art—one might readily trace the incidence of the personages depicted into the centre of the stage in their own particular walk of life.

In this way Mr. Ward has become a commentator on passing events, and future generations will doubtless go to him as an established authority as to the appearance of the important men of the last quarter of Queen Victoria's reign, and of who shall say how many years of the rule of His Majesty?

The King has himself formed a subject for the display of Mr. Ward's brilliant talent, and in his studio, at the present time, there is a pencil-sketch of His Majesty which was one of the early studies for the *Vanity Fair* portrait which appeared shortly after His Majesty's Coronation.

That particular sketch might be taken as an eminently characteristic piece of evidence of the way in which Mr. Ward devotes himself to his work. It is exquisitely finished, and, as a likeness, is, without doubt, one of the best ever produced of the Sovereign, while the pose is at once easy, graceful, and full of dignity. Though a study, for it was made from life—and Mr. Ward will spend unwearied hours of unremitting exertion to "stalk" a subject, as he calls it—the actual work of the drawing of the figure was done with himself as the model; by the aid of a suitable arrangement of mirrors.

"Stalking" is not now so frequently adopted by Mr. Ward as it was once upon a time, for his subjects are invariably willing to give him sittings, but in the earlier portion of his career he had to follow men about in order to get the sketches he desired. The portrait of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, was done by following Dr. Temple on more than one of his tramps, and so was the portrait of Dean Liddon, whom Mr. Ward once followed on the opposite side of the road for a long distance in the country. As he walked he made mental notes, and occasionally, looking in the opposite direction, he would get out a piece of paper and scribble a memorandum of some feature, often with his eyes looking away from the paper. The memorandum itself, perhaps, bore no more resemblance to the feature than does the stenographer's "note" to the written or printed word it represents, so that the process of work might not inaptly be called "pictorial shorthand."

Another "stalked" subject was the late Dr. Olde Goodford, the famous Provost of Eton. When he was a boy at that school, Mr. Ward naturally had many opportunities

of seeing and studying the Provost, but he determined to go down to Windsor to make special studies for his portrait. It was characteristic of Dr. Goodford that he always carried his umbrella over his shoulder. It was thus Mr. Ward represented him. When the caricature



"IN ANY CASE, I LIKE TO HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY FRIENDS ABOUT ME."

appeared, the old gentleman turned to his wife and said, "That *Vanity Fair* artist is wrong; I never carry my umbrella in that way."

A day or two after, the Doctor and Mrs. Goodford were out for a walk and they stopped in front of a shop-window. The Doctor saw his figure reflected in the glass. He turned to his wife in a state of great excitement, put both hands on her shoulders, and exclaimed, vehemently, "He was right; he was quite right!"

By no means infrequently, Mr. Ward has been the means of revealing to men peculiarities and facts about themselves of which they were previously quite unconscious, thus fulfilling the poet's request—

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!

An example of this was furnished by the late Sir Watkin Wynn. He was a very stout man whose "Little Mary" had developed into large proportions. He always wore the top button of his coat buttoned, and in its attempt to conform to the rotundity of his figure the garment developed innumerable creases. Sir Watkin himself was quite unaware of them, but, naturally, they were emphasised by the artist. When Sir Watkin saw the drawing, he went to a looking-glass and took stock of the creases. "Those must be corrected by the tailor," he exclaimed, and he went straight off and ordered a new coat.

People are apt to underrate the importance and the value of work which

LXV.—MR. LESLIE WARD ("SPY").

they see appear with striking regularity week after week in the pages of a popular periodical. It looks so simple and so easy that they forget that the very simplicity and ease are nothing but the result of infinite pains on the part of the artist.

It is no uncommon thing for Mr. Ward, with all his experience, to make a dozen sketches and finish as many portraits before he satisfies himself that he has done the best with his subject. Even when he is accorded special sittings for his work, he will spend the first day either in making drawings which will inevitably be thrown away or merely in talking to and watching his subject, in order to get characteristic expressions and poses from which to select and, so to speak, find out all about him. This is especially the case in delicate caricature, in which there must be just enough exaggeration to make it amusing without being sufficient to make it brutal.

It need hardly be said that, being a conspicuous artist, Mr. Ward was not intended for Art, though his father, the late E. M. Ward, was the famous Royal Academician and painter of historical pictures, while his mother, happily alive, is herself an eminent artist whose work is still exhibited and always has its place on the line at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Although Mrs. Ward's maiden name was Ward, she was in no way related to her husband, though she, too, came from an artistic family, her grandfather being the late James Ward, R.A., the great animal-painter.

Mr. Ward senior intended his son for



"SOME OF MY FAVOURITE CARICATURES."

business, as being a more lucrative calling than that of Art, but, seeing the lad was determined on an artistic career, decided that he should become an architect, and got him into the office of Mr. Smirk, R.A.

Later, when that gentleman retired,

Sir Edward Barry was asked to take him into his office, but would only do so on the consideration that he would sign for five years. "In two years I shall be twenty-one," replied Leslie Ward, "and I will stay with you till then; but I will not bind myself for a longer term, for I do not think I intend to be an architect."

There was naturally a good deal of consternation in the Ward household at this decision, and the artist's friends were asked to point out to the headstrong lad the folly of adopting Art as a career. He, however, stuck to his guns and the paternal objection was at length removed.

Leslie Ward went into the Academy and worked as hard as an enthusiastic young man could. He caricatured everybody, and his caricatures soon began to be talked about. Some time towards the end of 1872, Mr. Gibson Bowles, the then proprietor of *Vanity Fair*, met the late Sir John Everett Millais and said to him, "Pellegrini has left me. I want a good man to do the caricatures. Do you know of anyone to fill his place?"

"I think I know the very man," replied Millais. That evening, Millais, who was a great friend of Mr. E. M. Ward, called at his house. "I want to see Leslie," he said.

"Leslie is not at home," his father replied.

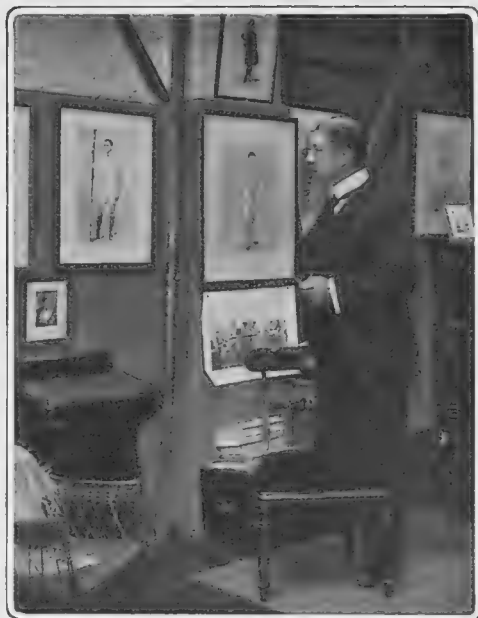
"Then let me see his caricature-book which I have heard so much about."

Millais looked through it and saw one of Professor Owen. He was so struck with it that he said, "Tell Leslie to do another caricature of Professor Owen, only he must make it just the size of those in *Vanity Fair*, and let me see it."

In a few days the sketch was sent to Millais, who looked at it, took it to Mr. Bowles, and said, "There is your man."

In that way Mr. Ward's association began with *Vanity Fair*. With only a single break, during 1874-75, it has lasted until now. In the interval, Mr. Ward did some black-and-white work for the *Graphic*. Notable among his sketches for that paper were portraits of Millais and Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), and prints of these may be seen, framed, in Mr. Ward's studio at the present time.

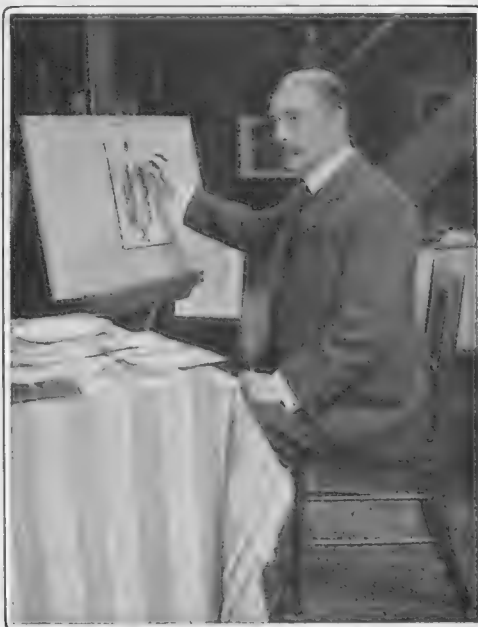
In 1876 Mr. Ward and Pellegrini began to divide the work on *Vanity Fair*, though not equally, for it was Mr. Ward who did the majority of the drawings. After Pellegrini's retirement, through ill-health, Mr. Ward did practically all the work, and his record is now something like eleven hundred pictures. *Vanity Fair's* picture-gallery has been enriched at the expense of more permanent art, for, but for that work, Mr. Ward would have devoted himself entirely to serious portraiture, as he still does in his leisure.



"MORE OF 'EM—MOSTLY ATHLETIC IN THIS CORNER."



"ALL OF 'EM, IN THE BOUND VOLUMES OF 'VANITY FAIR.'"



"FOR NEXT WEEK . . . NO, I DON'T MEAN THAT FOR A HINT."

SOME TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF MR. LESLIE WARD'S ART.



"THE COLONIES" (MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN).



"EAST WORCESTERSHIRE" (MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN).

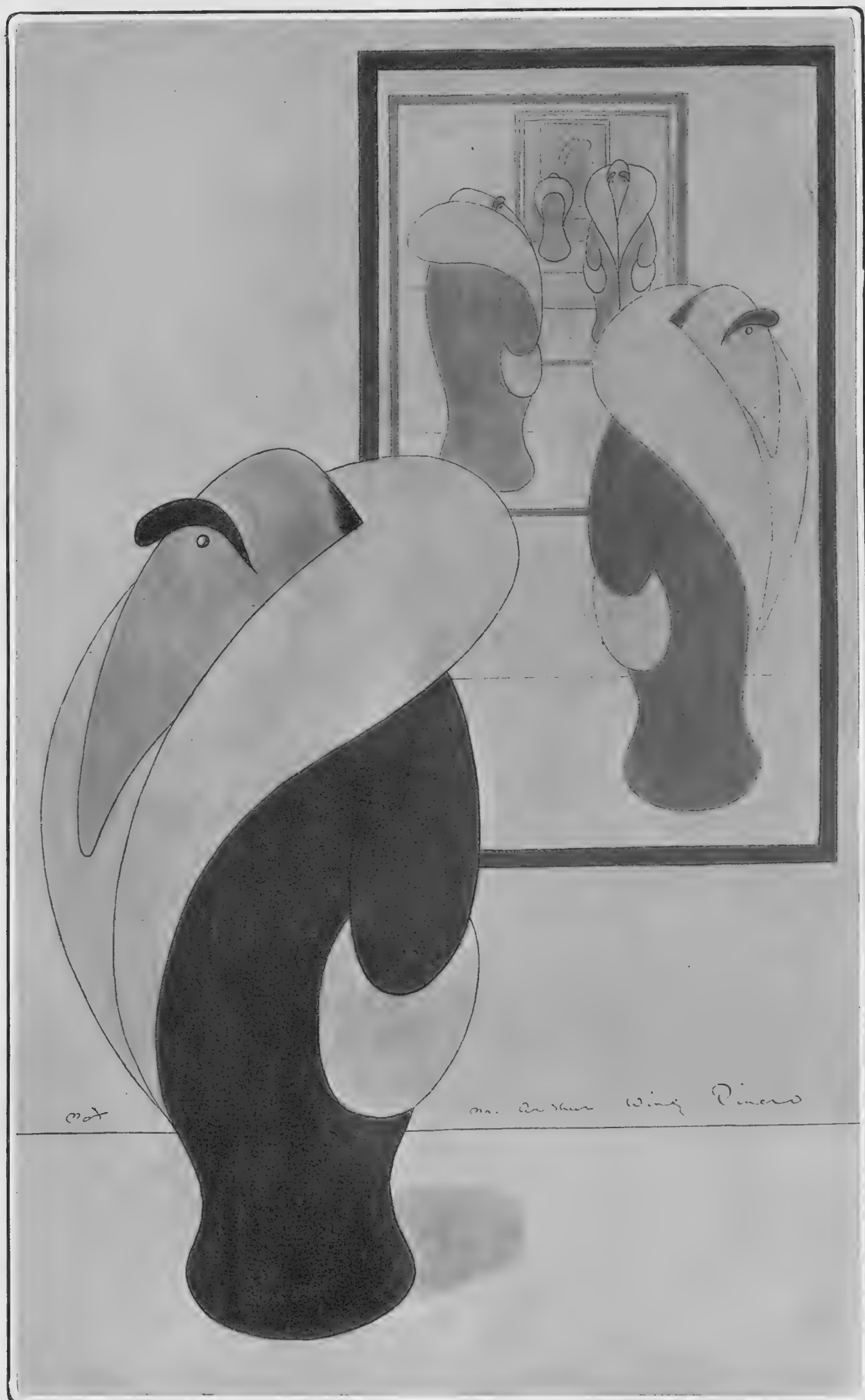


HERR KUBELIK.



"SOLDIERS THREE" (MR. RUDYARD KIPLING).

A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S ART.



AFTER "HIGH TEA": A GENIAL CARICATURE OF MR. PINERO.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AN exceedingly fine collection of Stevensoniana is being sold in New York. Among the rarest items is a fine copy of the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, Nos. I.—IV., the four parts being in the original straw-coloured paper covers. The four numbers contain six papers by Stevenson, including "The Philosophy of Umbrellas" and "An Old Scotch Gardener." Another valuable item is "The Story of a Lie" (1882), which was suppressed in consequence of a dispute which arose with the publishers upon the question of copyright. The few copies which have survived are merely such of the sheets as happen to have been preserved by the publishers and the printers. There is also a first edition of "A Child's Garden of Verses" (1885), one of the scarcest of the published books, and a copy of the Sydney edition of "Father Damien."

Austin Brereton's "The Lyceum and Henry Irving," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, is a complete history of the Lyceum Theatre from its origin in 1772 to the present day. It will contain colour reproductions of Edwin Long's painting of Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet, John Sargent's portrait of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth, and many other illustrations.

The most striking feature of Mr. James's book on W. W. Story is the letters of Robert Browning. Browning was not a great letter-writer, but at times, when deeply moved, he revealed something of his inner life. After his wife's death, he said: "Looking back on these past years, I see that we have been all the time walking over a torrent on a straw. Life must now be begun anew—all the old cast off and the new one put on. I shall go away, break up everything, go to England, and live and work and write." Story was on most intimate terms with Browning and missed his companionship sadly. He had acquaintances by the hundred in Rome, but not a single friend except Browning. "Englishmen who think are very rare. They are generally ganglions of prejudices which they call opinions, and what ideas they have are generally narrow and bigoted, or developments only in a single direction. Their education is never general, but special, and outside their specialty they are terribly barren." He goes on to complain that the British Consul had never heard John Webster's name, asked him who Thomas Middleton was, cared nothing for poetry, music, and

painting. "The English mind," said Story, "is not a philosophic one; they are not of the air, but of the earth—in the good sense of the term, but still of the earth. Browning is by nature not an Englishman." Story was not a man of high literary power, but his essay on "A Conversation with Marcus Aurelius," originally published in the *Fortnightly*, is worth remembering, and some of his lyrics ought to be in the anthologies. They have been unaccountably overlooked.

I remember him well in Rome some fifteen years ago, the very incarnation of prosperity. He was not exactly pompous, but had learned to set great value on social distinctions and had won his way to the most exclusive Roman Society.

The lovers of Hawthorne will hear with mingled feelings that Julian Hawthorne has prepared another volume about his father and his father's friends, entitled "Hawthorne and his Circle." The author's attitude, we are told, is frankly personal, and he is able to add somewhat of unpublished detail to what is known about the novelist. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Life of his father and mother* is by no means a discreet book, though it contains much interesting matter.

Mr. Clifton Johnson, well known for the travel-books he has written and illustrated, has published a volume on Scotland, entitled "The Land of Heather." He made his home for several weeks in Drumtochty in the cottage of the village shoemaker. The Drumtochty folk esteem "Ian Maclaren" a very clever man, but they do not care much for his writings aside from the interest stirred by their purely local flavour. Mr. Johnson says that

the Scotch, as a people, are hard drinkers, but that drunkenness is falling more and more into disrepute. He thinks that clerical tippling is not regarded as so detrimental to a pastor's interest and efficiency in Scotland as it would be in the United States. Thrums Mr. Johnson found to be a real place, neater and thriftier than are the average Scotch towns, and according in many ways with Mr. Barrie's description.

The first attempt at a biography of Walter Pater is to appear in America in a series published by McClure, Phillips, and Co. The writer is Mr. Ferris Greenslet. It is to be hoped that Pater's executors will issue an authorised *Life*. The materials, I believe, are abundant, and they ought to be handled by a competent scholar. o. o.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

X.—"ENCOURAGEMENT." (A SPANISH GIRL.)

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE RELENTLESS CITY."

By E. F. BENSON.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

The sentence is a striking one, and explains, maybe, the failure of Mr. Benson to interest the reader in his new Anglo-American novel. Bilton, for all we know, may be a very real personage to Mr. Benson; for ourselves, however, we find him a trumpery puppet, a thing of sawdust. The author, perhaps, knows who he is "getting at"; Bilton, one may presume, stands for some unfortunate American manager whom Mr. Benson wishes to lash. But the pages of a novel gain nothing of vivacity or literary charm when they are made to serve the purpose of an open letter. Mr. Benson may retort that the blackmailing Bilton is purely a creature of his imagination; in that case, the puzzled reviewer will apologise meekly, and wonder why any writer should think it worth while to imagine so odious a creature as Bilton and to put him into a book. As for the work as a whole, the "Relentless City," as the reader may have gathered, is New York, and the story deals with the adventures of a contemptible lordling who goes over to America with the avowed object of marrying a millionaire's daughter. Not any particular daughter of any particular millionaire; you must understand, but just the first rich girl who will take him for what he is not worth. Bertie, as beautiful and "bounderish" as any Gaiety dude, soon finds his heiress, and marries her with all the vulgar ceremony that one reads of in vulgar American newspapers. The honeymoon over, he brings his prize to England, and soon quarrels with her in the usual vulgar way about the usual vulgar, good-natured actress. The quarrel is due, indirectly, to this Bilton fellow, but, in order that the book may end happily and Mr. Benson's bloodthirsty patrons get their due share of blood, poor Mr. Bilton collides with a railway-train and comes off second-best. "He knew one moment of awful shock, of the sense of being torn and battered in pieces; then the roar sank down, as the train passed on, and diminished into silence as it emerged from the darkness of the tunnel." Exit, then, Bilton, whilst Master Bertie, the gallant fellow, condescends to adjust his little differences with the sweet young bride whose signature in the right-hand corner of cheques never fails to send a thrill of affection to his heart. "At last he came, and her heart embraced him ere yet he reached her. . . . At the sight of him her whole being leaped towards him. . . ." And so forth.

"LEONORA."

By ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest novel is like and yet unlike its immediate predecessor—the scene is the same, the general atmosphere the same, several of the minor characters the same; but the patient, submissive Anna is replaced by the more emotional Leonora, a romancist of forty, fretting under the pettiness of life in the Potteries, impatient of its squalor and its grime, and sadly dreaming of an existence "brilliant and tender, where dalliance and high endeavour, virtue and the flavour of sin, eternal appetite and eternal satisfaction, were incredibly united." It is the partial materialisation of this dream that provides the author with his theme, and demonstrates his ability to dignify, by deftness of diction and manipulation, what in its essentials is merely the record of an illicit love-affair, a preliminary to the Divorce Court, into a story that is never offensive and always fascinating. True, one cannot help feeling that Fortune should not have played so thoroughly into Leonora's hand—even to the extent of killing her husband that she may marry her lover—but there is, at the same time, an equally strong feeling in favour of the fickle Dame's move. Mr. Arnold Bennett's hand has not lost its cunning; both

manner and matter in his latest book are excellent. Shrewd observation, skilful writing, a keen appreciation of character and colour, and a rare artistic restraint are as evident in "Leonora" as they were in "Anna of the Five Towns."

"THE LITERARY SENSE."

By E. NESBIT.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Neat workmanship and vitality of style are, as usual, manifest in Mrs. Nesbit's recent collection of short stories grouped together under the comprehensive title of "The Literary Sense." The first story, "The Unfaithful Lover," embodies more successfully than the others the idea of the title, for the aggravating heroine here adopts the cheap idealism of the penny novelette in preference to ordinary human promptings, and even when a tragedy results from her

virtuous and picturesque condemnation of her erring but repentant lover her pose is equal to the occasion and provides her with veritable if somewhat artificial consolation. A pathetic illustration of the universal hunger for the joy of life is given in another story, "Miss Eden's Baby," wherein the plain and ever unloved Ella Eden is forced by lack of love and happiness to feign (somewhat, by the way, after the manner of Sentimental Tommy's mother) a beatitude entirely of the imagination. The idea at the root of each little sketch is distinctly original and the collection makes a particularly readable volume.

"UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION."

By M. P. SHIEL.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Nowadays art is actually invading melodrama, with results such as this astonishing book, for Mr. Shiel's intellectual "Little Mary" is evidently not strong enough to digest the mixture of Meredith and Dumas which he has tumbled into it. With all its faults—notably, a serious lack of humour and an appalling tendency to preach—it is an excellent story of the sensational kind, conceived and carried out with a good deal of rough power. Of central interest is the small country squire, Roderick Hagen, who, by a combination of well-arranged marriages with assassination on the scale of the Borgias, makes his family the most powerful in Europe. This man dies dramatically from the plague with which he had intended to infect a victim. The loves of Edward and Lucy, the adventures of their poor little son with the Gypsies, and the faithfulness of Barnes, the heroic engine-driver, are touchingly and vividly told. Incidentally there is a picture of an Anglican convent drawn with knowledge and sympathy.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

Photograph by Beresford. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

ON THE TABLE.

"The Story of Susan." By Mrs. H. E. Dudeney. (Heinemann. 6s.)—A story of early Victorian days, very fully and daintily illustrated by Paul Hardy.

"Adventures of Gerard." By A. Conan-Doyle. (Newnes. 6s.)—A new series of short stories dealing with the further adventures of Brigadier Gerard.

"Cross Purposes." By Jean Merivale. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)—A story of the Franco-Prussian War.

"The Plowshare and the Sword." By Ernest G. Henham. (Cassell. 6s.)—The scene is laid in North America. The publishers write: "The story begins in strife amid a clash of swords and ends in a scene of peace upon a Virginian plantation at the time of harvest."

"Romance: A Novel." By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. (Smith, Elder. 6s.) An adventure-story of the West Indies.

"The Odd-Job Man." By Oliver Onions. (Murray. 6s.)—The story of a man who squandered his patrimony and embarked on a desultory career.

"Men and Women." By Robert Browning. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)—This is the latest volume of "Miranda's Library" and is illustrated by Henry Osipov.

"Gran'ma's Jane." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen. 6s.)—The book opens with a public hanging in Norwich, but despite this sensational beginning it seems a peaceful enough love-story.

"The Golden Fetiche." By Eden Phillpotts. (Harper. 6s.)—The author has dedicated this book to his son, and has consequently deviated from his usual style and set himself to the writing of a regular adventure-story dealing with the finding of treasure in Equatorial Africa.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



"What's the meaning of this? You boys are playing truant."
"No we ain't, sir; we're passive resisters!"

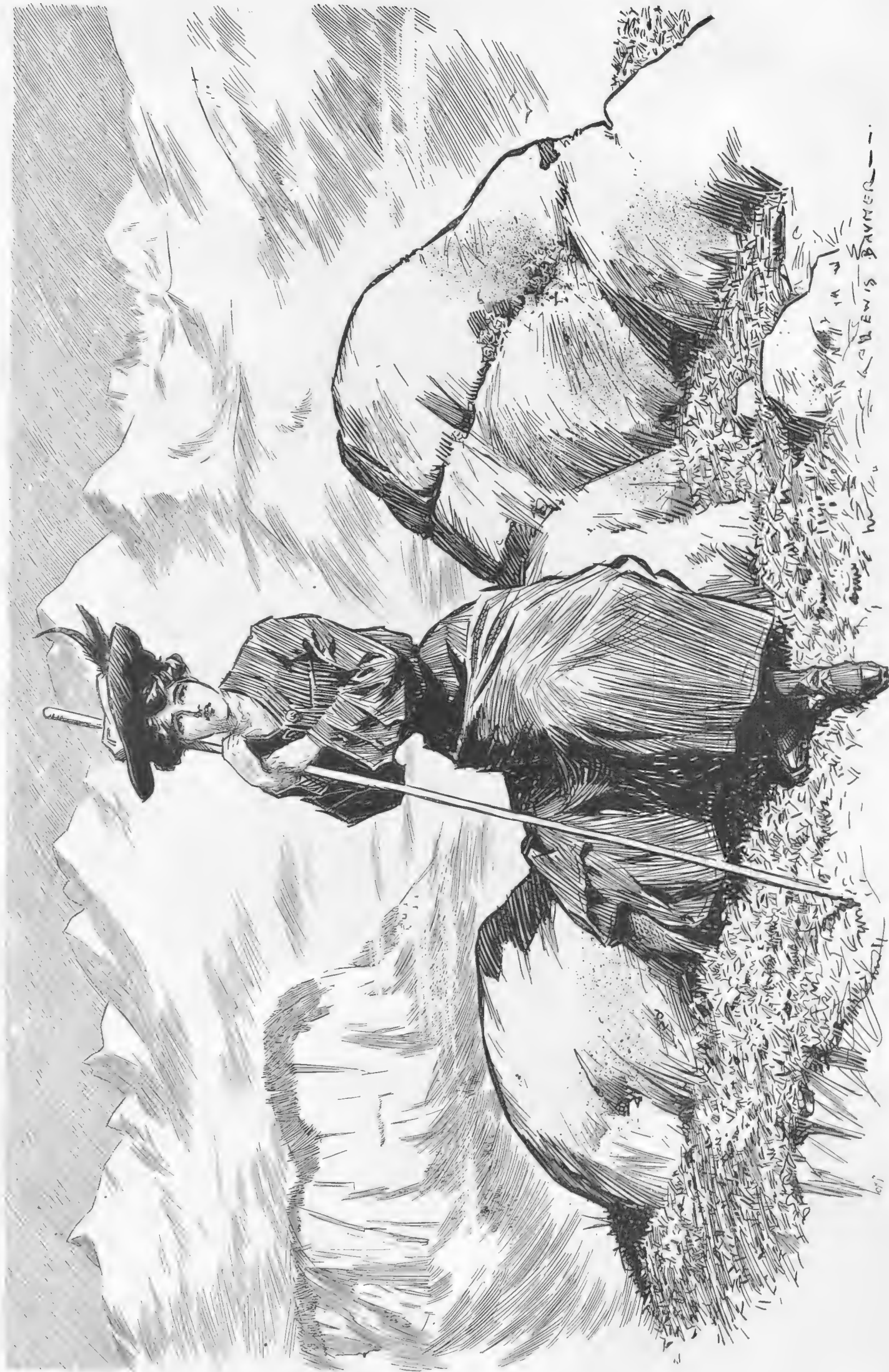
DINNERS WITH SHAKSPERE.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

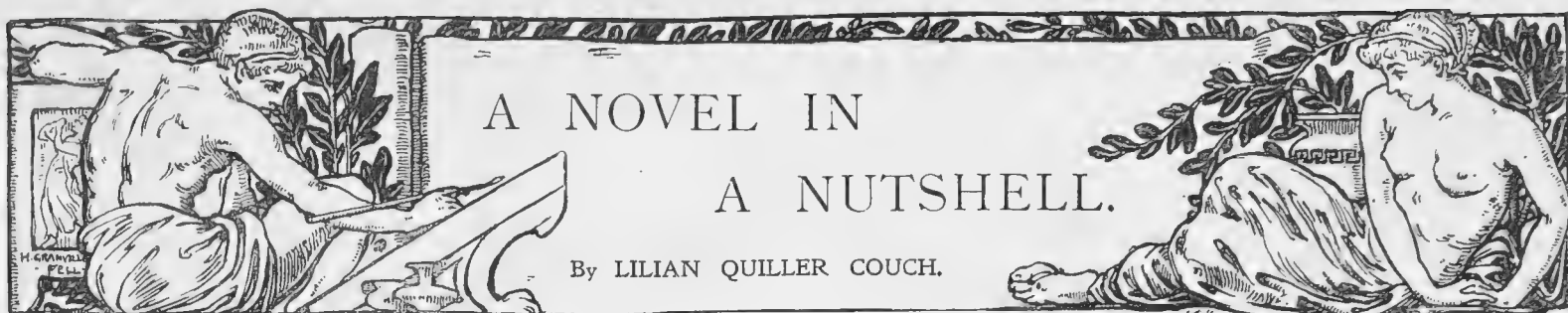


IV.—“ALAS, POOR LADY! SHE’S A STRANGER.”

THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



EXTRACT FROM TENTH LETTER: . . . It's awfully nice being all alone again. . . .



I HELP TO SAVE HERMIONE.

THERE are about my sister Hermione the characteristics of the scarlet-runner—or, let us have grace of language, the climbing rose. My sister Hermione must, it seems, cling in romantic admiration to some one, or thing, in which she sees a beauty her imagination alone invests him, her, or it with. Her own particular hop-pole during this first summer of our emergence from the Misses Pargiter's Seminary was Thomas Coghlan; and if there could be a y one person so like an ill-seasoned bean-stick or a green trellis-lath that bees might be excused for hovering about him in anticipation, that person was Thomas Coghlan. And Hermione was as the deluded bee.

Hermione, with the early-Victorian heroes she had worshipped (met in old and surreptitious volumes of Lord Lytton and Mrs. Radcliffe) still glorious in her imagination and imbedded, so to speak, in her heart, couldn't see that her Thomas was egregious—though I retailed, for her convincing, that “national crisis” remark of his.

“I do not,” Thomas had said, solemnly, to me that day when there had been strong rumours of war between ourselves and some seemingly Jack-in-the-Box-like Power somewhere far off, “I do not like leaving the country in this national crisis. I am not at all well, it is true; my work” (Thomas writes verses with a “cry” in them—from the “soul”) “demands rest, and my plans are made. But I do not feel justified in leaving. With my name on the passenger-list, seemingly deserting my country in the hour of her need, *any* thing might be thought.”

“Don't you worry,” I said, comfortingly; “the King'll be at home, and A. J. Balfour, and me.”

“Me!” he repeated, coldly; grammarian ghosts shuddering the poor little syllable into at least two.

“No, *me*,” I corrected, affably. “*You'd* better go—as arranged.”

Hermione, when I repeated this, couldn't see that Thomas was anything but noble. Hermione is not without intelligence; but having begun by taking Thomas as a figure of romance she couldn't yet understand that there was another way.

I saw the other way quite clearly as I sat on the garden-seat beside The Duke (no Debrett duke, this; but a young man to whom a slight rise on the nose-bone had brought the title, without struggle or money) and looked across the lawn.

Grandmamma, with whom we live till Papa and Mamma come home from India, and whose idea of amusement is on a level with a gadfly's idea of artillery, had here gathered together a company, mostly of that age with which one is taught to connect “discretion,” to play croquet and havoc on her turf and in one another's hearts. The “heart” part of the affair, I concede, had possibly entirely escaped Grandmamma's attention, none the less should she be held responsible. Could not a snappy man or so evolve a French revolution?

However, no one having, it seemed, any wish to play either havoc or revolution in my heart—if I except Simon, from the vicarage, from whom I was even now in hiding—and being only third in a trio of hostesses, consequently not the fit person on this day to monopolise a croquet-mallet, I had conceived the humane idea (instilled by the Pargiter “Propriety and Decorum” classes) of seeking out the most dismal being present and making him happy.

I found The Duke. I like The Duke better than Thomas Coghlan. His melancholy is less permanent, of a kind I can better wrestle with. And, perceiving that this was a case in which one could not serve two masters, even if anyone were silly enough to want to try, I proceeded to comfort The Duke—at the expense of Thomas.

I have no brilliant inspirations, no splendid moments; I am but common clay (rather nicely finished off, I think). What I do I do but gradually, unobtrusively, imperceptibly, sometimes even seeming to be doing the other thing (but that isn't true!).

“If there is a man anywhere about,” I began, “who could with truth be called ‘melancholy stranger,’ you may bet” (swiftly recollecting my age, I reconstructed my sentence), “I say, you may be quite sure that he is the man Hermione will love. Just look at her!”

To the best of my knowledge The Duke had been doing nothing else during the afternoon. He now glowered.

“And the fellow,” he said, bitingly, after a pause, as he raked with his eye the cadaverous lineaments of Hermione's cavalier, “has the face to call himself an Irishman!”

“Call himself!” I ejaculated, contemptuously. “He wears the green on every feature.”

“I wish he'd wear it home, then!” he snapped. “It isn't fair to any English lawn in summer. The chap's an Emerald Isle in himself.”

“Emerald *and* 'ile,” I suggested, with vulgar flippancy, unpardonable;

but it seemed to describe Thomas. “He had the face, too, to hint to me that he is ‘Tommy’ to his intimates.”

“Tommy! That chap! It's a violence!” declared The Duke.

“Perhaps that's why,” I suggested, gently. “I almost think,” I added, “that you would like to—well, call him Tommy.”

“I'd prefer to call him ‘the late lamented,’” he said, with sardonic bitterness.

“Something like,” I began slowly, meditating, “like Doldrear-Gummidge is what I always ache to call him.”

Watching Doldrear critically, we saw him smile wanly on my sister, as with a dignified but dexterous blow she sent her blue ball rolling across the turf and left his yellow one lonely.

Hermione turned, one incarnate apology. Thomas Coghlan looked, I have no hesitation in saying, an idiot.

“You admire Hermione more than you admire me,” I asserted, suddenly, with a wave of the hand implying that the fact, though incredible, was incontrovertible.

The Duke started. “Oh—er—”

“Yes, you do,” I declared. “I'm surprised, of course; one generally is when people don't agree with one's own opinion. But,” I concluded, magnanimously, “after all, I admire Hermione myself.”

“I think,” began The Duke, with a deep breath, “she's lovely!”

“So does Tommy Gummidge,” I said, comfortably.

“I think she's—she's *beautiful*!” he declared, with the arrogance of one who presents new ideas.

“Two minds with but a single thought,” I quoted, absently. But, The Duke seeming inclined to take umbrage at this point, I gave my consoling tactics a more definite trend. “Look here,” I confided, leaning towards him, “she doesn't really care for him a bit. He's melancholy and spidery, and he stands about looking bereft—of course, the sort of thing Hermione thinks she enjoys; but I've seen her yawning her head half off over it all. Yes, I have—positively *gaping*, behind her fan, you know.”

“Gaping!” he repeated, indignantly.

“Hermione's mouth is wider than mine,” I protested.

For a moment The Duke looked uncivil. Then he smiled.

“I like a wide mouth,” he asserted, diplomatically.

“A wider mouth,” I suggested, in correction.

He looked at mine. It occurred to me that there was much that he wanted to say. He decided, however, that a non-committal jerk of the head and another smile were safer. They were.

“The likeness is strong,” were his first words after the silence, uttered critically. Then he turned again to the lawn and looked dissatisfied. After all, poor Duke, what he liked was a wide mouth, not two wide mouths. And mine, unquestionably, was not the one.

“I wish to goodness,” he began, fiercely, “I knew *what* she—”

“Look here,” I broke in, practically, “have you ever been in love before?”

“N—n—,” he began, angrily. But my eye was probing him, and I imagine that what novelists call the “scroll of his past life” must have inconveniently run itself out flat before the eye of his mind; for after stuttering and hesitating, and failing to evade my optic gimlet, he blurted out, captiously, “It's nothing of the kind!”

“Not the same kind, you mean?” I asked, callously.

“I only just *thought* once—,” he began, tempestuously.

“Oh,” I said, soothingly, “don't you bother, of course, if you'd rather not. Only I just thought that if you *had* been it might have helped. You see, I don't really know much about these things—yet. Was it—the ‘nothing of the kind,’ you know—was it long ago?” I asked, interested.

“I,” he said sternly, “was just seventeen.”

“And she?”

“Wasn't,” he said, shortly.

“Oh!” I remarked. Then we were silent.

Across the lawn came the sound of invocation in must-we-then-part-for-ever tones. It was Thomas invoking Hermione to take coffee.

“Duke,” I said, pertinently, after a further pause; “he recites—”

The Duke furrowed his brow a little at the interruption and looked uninterested.

“—in that voice,” I added, mildly. “I heard him at Wartley the other day. Hermione,” I concluded, carelessly, “wasn't there.”

The Duke withdrew his eyes from space and looked at me, long and searchingly. I gazed pensively at the clumps of forget-me-nots. At last he slapped his knee and guffawed suddenly.

"I," I said, freezingly, "should have come to that conclusion minutes ago."

"But," broke out The Duke, dismally, "she *likes* the chap's jawing; perhaps—"

"She hasn't heard him recite," I snapped.

"But—"

"Hermione has ears and eyes."

"She *has*!"

"And she can see through park-palings?"

"He isn't a park-paling, exactly."

"The slight difference isn't worth argument," I declared, grimly.

Well, we planned the downfall before we left the garden-seat. It was a simple scheme, and its fulfilment rested entirely with the victim; but we felt he would not fail us, and by it, we considered, a brand, so to speak, might be plucked from the burning.

"Don't you think something from Milton—?" suggested The Duke, kindly; thinking, no doubt, the losing of Paradise an appropriate theme for the death-song.

"Yes," I agreed, meditatively, "or Mark Twain."

Finally, we compromised; our choice for the condemned man being Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven," and "Hongree and Mahry," from the "Bab Ballads." To us the selection seemed rather masterly.

Simon ran me to earth—to speak in metaphor—before we had quite elaborated the simplicity of our scheme. Simon, obviously thinking red thoughts slashed with green. But I begged him to go away and play, for I was busy. After five minutes of disbelief he could see that I spoke the truth, so he went.

So, in the peaceful summer evening, when the turmoil of the day was over, and soft purples began to dye the sky—at least, I heard Thomas say so to Hermione—we persuaded the said Thomas to recite some little thing to us. Both the persuading and the reciting seemed to bring a melancholy, chastened joy to Thomas—at the beginning.

"What," he asked, with his weary smile, "shall I recite?"

My innocent eagerness—no one else being eager at all, excepting Hermione, in whom the emotion took the form of a raptness, quite useless for suggestions—gained our point. "The Raven" was granted to us. The Duke and I merely sat apart in unobtrusive places and listened.

"The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe," announced Thomas from the drawing-room hearth-rug. Then he coughed delicately, as he looked with the eyes of one who sees visions and dreams dreams (horrific ones) over and through Grandmamma's heterogeneous company—as many as had been induced to stay; roughly speaking, as many as had not been at Wartley the week before. They now sat before him wearing that strained expression to be seen on the faces of those who know a fellow-creature is about to make a sorry show of himself, but, like Thackeray (wasn't it?) at the public execution, can neither look at it nor go away.

With one white finger pressed upon Grandmamma's blotter (most uninspiring of surfaces), with his left hand lightly holding a volume of Poe's Poems (he had asked for it), closed, as expressive of subtle affinity, he began—

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary."

At once the dreariness and the weariness moaned across our unconsidered trifles of bric-à-brac, till the poor little bits of china and silver, and so on, seemed as impertinent eyes at vulgar gaze upon such a soul-communing; and our quite ordinary drawing-room might have been a moon-lighted scene of the woes of armies of despairing somethings or other—perhaps cats.

Half a-minute was sufficient for entire realisation of the entertainment by the company. I won't say I ought not to have felt ashamed of my share in it; I can only say I didn't. After all, every man can live and die without reciting, if he chooses; it rests with him.

Hermione, on whom my eyes were surreptitiously fixed, grew uneasy after a time. I saw her wriggle her nose—an unconscious and unlovely habit of hers when something is distasteful to her.

Well, it didn't last long. As I said before, our plan was quite simple.

We bore it silently to the fifteenth verse. But when Thomas, seeing, I presume, more horrific visions through the medium of old

Mrs. Metcalfe's mauve bonnet-ribbons, wailed out from the depths of his anguish, "'Is there, *is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I implore!'" a shuddering sob, an exquisitely modulated "Boo-hoo!" with a catch of breath at the end, wailed out, on the same note, from a far corner of the room.

The audience was electrified; an excited thrill of wicked appreciation ran through it. I distinctly heard suppressed explosive giggles—the Farley girls, I believe—and I felt Hermione's eyes upon me as I looked in innocent questioning across at the wrong corner, where an attenuated, yellow Colonel sat beside Grandmamma. I felt how everyone else was feeling. I knew that now everyone, including Hermione, would understand Thomas—as The Duke and I meant him to be understood.

And Thomas—?

In Thomas there was a hasty withdrawal of eyes from visions, a slight—a very slight—stutter of hesitation, a half-startled pause. Then, with a dramatic wave of the white finger, in hollow accents he flung out courageously upon the odds and ends of furniture and listeners before him—whom he again very obviously forgot in his fervour—"Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.''"

By the time he had reached the last "Nevermore" it was patent to any eye that Thomas had accepted the interruption as a tribute to his powers.

Well, everyone's blood was up by that time; we all looked lighter-hearted; and our sincerity when we pleaded for an *encore* would have flattered a *prima donna*. The Farley girls were perfectly shameless. Only Hermione—and Grandmamma—were calm. Hermione, indeed, was a little flushed, but she had an absent eye and her expression was meditative.

Everyone who knows and loves the romantic ballad of "Hongree and Mahry"—of the Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores and the Village Rose of Aquitaine—can live over again with us the delight we lived in for the following quarter of an hour, during which Thomas recited to us in his best melancholic style that Transpontine Romance. There was no need to sob this time. The company took the matter into its own hands and rolled in its chairs. That sounds rather mixed, but is true.

"I think," said Thomas, reflectively, to me when the scheme had been carried out to its finish, "that it is almost better for the *artiste* when his audience is less emotional—less obviously emotional." He was looking puzzled and vaguely annoyed.

"You see," I explained, "Gilbert is really a most subtle humourist, and you proved it to us. How well they caught your points!"

"I did my best, of course," he said, complacently.

"We all felt that," I assured him.

"Who asked Thomas Coghlan to recite?" demanded Hermione, when we went up to dress for dinner.

"I did," I confessed, suavely; "I thought he had that sort of voice."

"He had," she said, drily.

Perhaps it was one of the meanest things I'd ever done—up to that point. But it cured Hermione.

No early-Victorian hero had ever cut that figure—at least, Mrs. Radcliffe and Lord Lytton never said so; and Hermione, as I may have remarked before, is not without intelligence.

As I went over to the mirror for a last pat to my hair, I casually wailed "Boo-hoo," lingeringly, plaintively, on Thomas's note.

On my word, Hermione chuckled as she tucked the rosebuds in her white bodice.

Hermione is no flirt, she is a rather serious person; but The Duke was wearing a rosebud and a placid expression of joy as he gazed up at the moon, when I came upon him on the balcony later that evening; Hermione having been called from his side for a moment or so.

"How do you feel?" asked The Duke in low tones, losing something of his placidity but nothing of his joy at the sight of me.

"Like a lifeboat crew," I replied, solemnly.

We were strangely free from the gnawings of remorse, The Duke and I. Thomas Coghlan was playing a grim game of cribbage in the drawing-room with Grandmamma.

ALL HALLOWS EVE.

By NORA CHESSON.

Will you rise up from your sleeping, Una bawn?

'Tis the ghosts' one time for playing;

Rise up now, make no delaying—

For the night is quick to go,

And too soon the red flowers blow

Of the dawn.

Let us hasten home together, Una bawn.

See, the door is open swinging,

Whence you went last year with singing,

Very solemn, very slow.

Open house men keep, we know,

Until dawn.

Food and drink are on the table, Una Bawn.

'Tis our night for love and laughter:

Time enough for dreams hereafter.

Kiss me, vourneen deelish O,

As you kissed me long ago

Before dawn.

That long kiss do you remember, Una bawn,

Ere the gray old man you married

Saw you wither while he tarried,

Warmed him at your fading glow;

Stayed behind and let you go

In the dawn?

He laughs best who laughs the latest, Una bawn;

And I laughed his gain to scorning,

When you cried on me that morning,

Your swart soul at point to go—

Candles flickering to and fro

In the dawn.

"Come to me," you cried, "and take me," Una bawn;

"Dead man, and my only lover,

Come to me and help me over

Dream and darkness, ebb and flow!"

And I kissed you, answering so,

As I kiss you now, below

The red dawn.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE next theatre-opening—or rather, re-opening—will be that of the often-closed Royalty, where another German Play season will start next Saturday night. And the next re-opening after that, and one, of course, of greater importance to our native play-consumer, will be that of the Imperial, where on Tuesday week Mr. Lewis Waller will commence his next London season after a successful tour. Mr. Waller, who will run his new theatrical venture on the "No Fee" system, will start proceedings with a revival of that pleasant American-made drama, "Monsieur Beaucaire." In due course, he will present the new version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" prepared for him by Mr. John Davidson the Poet. In this, Mr. Waller proposes to impersonate the character of the romantic "lackey," in which the late great romantic actor, Charles Fechter, made his first and, taking one consideration with another, his best success in England.

Mr. Tree is diligently preparing a most gorgeous and highly realistic production of the Japanese tragedy entitled "The Darling of the Gods," as written, primarily for the American market, by Mr. Dave Belasco, nephew of the late Mr. David James, who was born Belasco and was a descendant of the famous old-time Hebrew pugilist of the same surname. Mr. Tree informs me that he does not reckon to need this Japanese play until some time after the New Year has dawned. Indeed, he may not want it even then, as the booking for "Richard the Second" is already extending far into the Christmas holidays.

"The Darling of the Gods" has already been burlesqued more than once in America, the best-known travesty being entitled "The Darling of the Gallery Gods." I hear, also, of a specially arranged, London-made parody being already in the throes of preparation for a certain clever comedian and mimic.

Of the making of fairy-plays, especially for the coming Christmas, there would appear to be no end. Here are a few specimens to go on with: Captain Basil Hood's new fairy-comedy, to be called "Little Hans Andersen," at the Adelphi—for matinées only; a new version of the Lewis Carroll "classic," to be named "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," at a West-End theatre not yet fixed; an Irish fairy-play written by that dainty "poetess," Mrs. Nora Chesson, and entitled "Murgeis"; Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll's modern fairy-play, hitherto called "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville; and the same author and composer's similar play for the Savoy Company to play o' nights at the Adelphi. This last-named play was at first called "The Dog-Trainer"; I now learn that it may be re-named "The Only Girl," which is far nicer.

Another fairy-play is, of course, Mr. Arthur Bouchier's revised version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," which will be run at Garrick matinées, while "Water Babies" will be run in the evening.

I also learn of a kind of legendary and semi-magic musical play, entitled "The Eye of the Idol." The libretto of this is said to be by Mr. Lawrence Cowen, but I have heard that Mr. "Tay Pay" O'Connor is not utterly unconnected with the libretto and lyrics.

Yet another group of coming plays threatens a sort of recrudescence in so-called "Religious Drama." Among these, perhaps the most important is that which has been written by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy and entitled "The Proud Prince."

This semi-theological play, adapted in some measure from Longfellow's poem, "King Robert of Sicily," is already a big success in America, where the same writer's stirring romantic drama, "If I were King," was produced some time before Mr. George Alexander played it at the St. James's. Mr. Stephen Phillips's new plays for Mr. Willard and for Mr. Tree respectively appear to have something of this "religious" cast. Moreover, a certain British melodramatist of somewhat variety-theatre methods threatens us with a miniature theological drama which he at present calls "The Key to the Bible," and in which the leading character is Moses, if you please. In addition to these specimens, I have to mention two impending Old Testament dramas, respectively entitled "Judith" and "Joseph and his Brethren."

It seems, according to advices just to hand, that Mr. Arthur Bouchier will ere long produce his long-ago-made purchase, namely, "La Robe Rouge," which was originally produced by Madame Réjane. Another French-born play soon to be presented to Londoners is "Lonte," an eccentric comedy (and a great Parisian success) which that smart "man-about-town," Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, is adapting for Miss Kate Phillips to produce some time in the New Year at a West-End theatre which must at present be nameless.

Yet another French play to be put upon the English and Colonial market is "L'Epave," a Gymnase drama secured a few days ago by Miss Olga Nethersole, who has also just acquired

a new play written by the cultured Mrs. Craigie. "John Oliver Hobbes" at present calls this play of hers "The Flute of Pan," but I think I may safely state that this title will be changed. The present title does so suggest a burlesque, doesn't it?

Just ten years have gone by since *The Sketch* described Mr. Pinero as "The master of farcical comedy." This was in the days when he was about to produce that quaint and charming play, "The Amazons." But even then his own favourite among his many comedies was "The Profligate," for in it he made no concession to popular taste and introduced no comic relief. Still, there are some who, however greatly they admire "Letty," sigh for the days when Mr. Pinero electrified the town with "The Magistrate" and "The Cabinet Minister." Even when working at "The Amazons," Mr. Pinero confided to an interviewer that he was hard at work at "a play which I mean to call 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.'"

In one matter, however, Pinero the farce-writer resembles Pinero the serious dramatist. He is a tremendous worker, writing something every day, always working alone, never dictating a line, letting his story tell itself, and generally taking longer over his third Act than over the two first. Also, it is curious to learn that he finds it far easier to write comedy than tragedy.



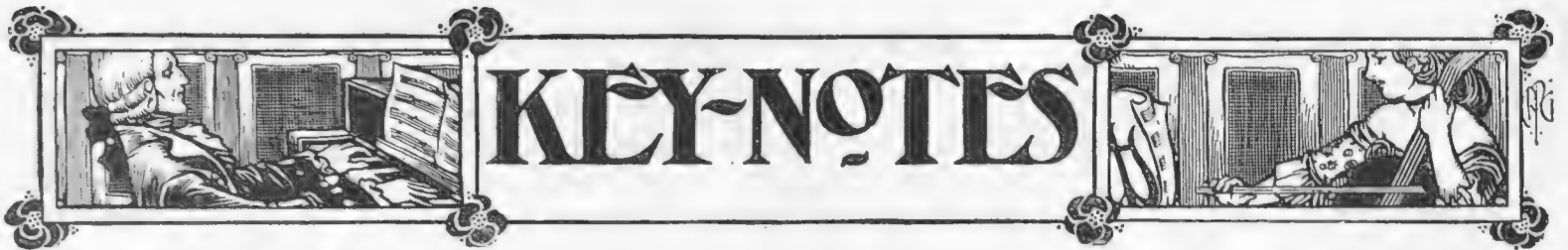
MR. PINERO: AN EARLY AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT.

Taken by John Edwards.



MISS MAUDIE DARRELL, A "GIRL FROM KAY'S" AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



KEY NOTES

THE end of the Promenade Concerts marks the conclusion of an annual episode which is of the greatest value in all which makes for the higher musical education of the public. This is a point of very great significance indeed, and there is no doubt about the fact that since the time when these entertainments were inaugurated

the public has been very much improved, not only in what may be called common musical taste, but also in a general appreciation of the best sort of public work. At the present moment, it is impossible to enumerate the number of works which have been produced for the first time during this series at the Queen's Hall; that which one desires to emphasise is that the encouragement of new music has steadily been carried out by Mr. Henry J. Wood, and that he has never yet admitted into one of his programmes a work that was "common or mean." Mr. Wood is essentially a musician of refinement; he never dreams of presenting to the public either an artist of whom or a work of which he has not himself approved through the avenues of his own personal criticism. Therefore, although one may now and then blame an artist, one at the same time knows

instrument which is quite wonderful, in its way. Moreover, her association with Sarasate is always a matter most definitely to her credit as a musician and as one who thoroughly understands that which is best in the art of her choice. COMMON CHORD.

Among the tenors of the world surely the first place must be given to that most delightful singer, Mr. Ben Davies. He first made his really great "hit" in that rather melancholy opera, "Ivanhoe," but, of course, long before then he was known as one of the most brilliant of younger vocalists and as the special pride of the Royal Academy of Music. He is as much liked in America as he is at home, and in Wales there are few natives of the Principality who are more justly popular, for Mr. Davies is keenly patriotic and nothing delights him more than to sing in the dialect which has been dear to singers since the world began.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford are a delightful example of how happy genius can be when married to the right person. As a rule, those gifted above their fellows are warned to avoid their like when entering on matrimony; but Miss Clara Butt, greatly daring, chose her husband among her own rival vocalists, and their marriage, which took place three years ago, might well have counted among the great musical festivals of that year, so enthusiastic was the interest taken in the young couple by both the professional and amateur disciples of "the Heavenly Maid." Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford have made their home in Hampstead.



MR. BEN DAVIES: THE LATEST PORTRAIT.

Painted by O. and K. Ellis, Sheringham.

that Mr. Wood has appreciated certain points in that artist's work which he understands to be of considerable value. Occasionally, if one may touch upon Mr. Wood's attitude of musical thought, it may happen that a man's feeling may turn towards the past; and this, indeed, is the curse of modernity. Mr. Wood is essentially modern. It is good to be modern, and it is good to recognise modern things from a modern point of view; but one must not forget that every day which passes reduces the value of that modernity that men at one time had rated so highly.

Sarasate has once more come to us, and at his concert last week at the St. James's Hall he proved to us (as always he proves to us) that he is the most wonderful violin virtuoso now alive. His technique and his sense of tune are merely incomparable; he plays with such a perfect sense of tune that you might almost think that he belonged to one of those beings of whom it is said that they cried aloud "in unison in praise of the Father." His emotion is always under restraint; and, moreover, what may be called the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of his bowing—by which phrase is meant the gradual increase of musical expressions which dwell in the centre of his note and diminish again at the end of that note—are practically unrivalled in the present world of musical interpretation. For technique he is unequalled; his double-stopped octaves and his harmonics are so perfectly true to the best heights of technical achievement that to hear him play a work by Bach—who, by the way, must have dreamed of such an artist rather than have known him—is to hear the absolute of perfection. There are things, of course, which Sarasate does not play so well, but on this occasion he certainly chose a programme which suited his style and his temperament in such a manner as to deserve all the superlative words of praise which have ever been allotted to him by the genuinely appreciative critics of music.

Madame Berthe Marx, who joined Sarasate as pianoforte-player at his concert, is a vigorous executant who follows very much in the footsteps of Madame Arabella Goddard. Her technical accomplishment is very great, and her energy is extraordinary. Nevertheless, her fashion of pianoforte-playing is possibly a trifle too masculine, too definite in its energy, and too determined in its unpoetical completeness. Yet she is not by any means to be blamed for these things, because, as a Wit once said, "she has all the qualities of her defects." She riots in her pianoforte-playing; she seems to tame the notes as a keeper might tame animals; yet, though these phrases may possibly touch a burlesque side of the matter, she has a command over her



MR. AND MRS. KENNERLEY RUMFORD (MISS CLARA BUTT).

Photograph by Salmon and Batcham.



Garments to Lend—"C. G. V." Cars—Multiplication of Cylinders—Mr. Plowden—Sir Francis and Lady Winnington.

IT is one of the charms of automobilism that, so long as the weather is reasonable overhead, the car may be taken out and a good run enjoyed, particularly when the engine-case, fly-wheel and clutch, and gear-box are protected from mud and slush by an under-sheathing of aluminium, leather, or water-proofed canvas. But when friends, particularly those of the weaker sex, are invited to take part, car-owners should particularly bear in mind that nowhere more than on a motor-car is the air found to be keener or more searching. The day afoot may appear to be a perfectly still one, and the leaves that remain may hang dead and motionless from their stems; but so soon as one is whirling along at automobile speed the air pours through ordinary garments, however thick, and chills the ill-protected rider to the bone. That way lies pneumonia, and worse, so that I would strongly recommend all hospitable car-owners to carry an odd motoring-garment or two, the loan of which will make all the difference between safety and danger, comfort and discomfort, to their guests. Cloaks, long and double-breasted, made with high collars and lined with wind-proof material, are decidedly the best lending-garments for both sexes.

If names alone were sufficient to carry conviction of the all-round qualities of an automobile, then certainly the Charron, Girardot, and Voigt cars, which are handled in this country by Messrs. Ewart-Hall, Limited, of 38, Long Acre, W.C., have ample basis for the excellent reputation they have already gained on this and the other side of the Channel. At the Salon d'Automobiles, held in the Palais de l'Industrie last December, the eight-cylinder "C.G.V." car was accepted as the latest thing said in France up to that time in motor-cars, but even since then fresh developments have taken place. With such skilled automobilists as Messrs. Charron, Girardot, and Voigt, who have many great automobile racing victories to their credit, this was only to be expected, particularly as the works at Puteaux vie in outfit and installation with any others in France. This is not difficult to credit when one goes carefully through the latest "C. G. V." chassis, as the writer did just lately, for the purpose of noting the progress made in the models which are to be put upon the market for 1904.

A particularly noticeable feature of the "C. G. V." cars, from the general 15 horse-power type and upwards, is the extraordinary quietude of the engine. Fitted, as these motors of the higher-power cars are, with both the induction and exhaust valves and with the inlet of the explosive mixture controlled by a most effective but simple form of papillon throttle-valve, the motor can be slowed until it just turns, while even when running light at high speed the sound emitted from the bonnet reminds one but of the hum heard from the busy interior of a bee-hive. The "C. G. V." cars have several features which distinguish them from the ordinary run of automobiles, one of which is the construction of the frame, or, as the French call it, the chassis. This is formed from hollow, square-sectioned, steel tube, into which is forced under pressure a wooden filler of ash or other suitable timber. It is impossible to imagine a stronger or livelier frame. While stiff enough in every way, it annuls vibration, and, in combination with the long, lithe, well-hung springs fitted, conduces to the acme of comfort in running even over the roughest roads.

There is a feature, too, in connection with the construction of the engines of the 1904 cars which is bound to excite remark amongst all automobilists who give anything like intelligent attention to mechanical detail. The cylinders, combustion-chambers, and valve-chambers are no longer made in cast-iron, but are turned, inside and out, from a solid circular T-shaped mass of steel of the finest quality. The

water-jackets are formed of brass or copper sheathing and are mechanically set in their places on the cylinders and combustion heads. This system of cylinder construction makes for good results in many directions, particularly in view of equal expansion and contraction and extreme lightness compared with bulk. The change speed-gears fitted to these cars are remarkable examples of workmanship and material. I was shown a change-speed gear taken from a car lately the property of Lord Cadogan, which I was told had been driven somewhere about fifteen thousand miles. The condition of the toothed wheels speaks marvels for the stuff and work, to say nothing of his Lordship's skill as a driver. It would certainly appear that nothing better than the "C. G. V." cars come out of France.

Next year, a six-cylinder engined car is to be put upon the market by the Napier Company. It is true that the multiplication of cylinders in an engine over two makes for smooth, sweet running, owing to what engineers term constant torque on the engine-shaft. This is obtained

in a six-cylinder engine by setting the cranks on the shaft at an angle of thirty degrees with each other, so that there are never less than two of the cranks under impulse from the engine. This is the first six-cylinder engined English-built motor-car to be put upon the market commercially, but it has other points to recommend it over and above its multiplicity of cylinders. Chief among these is the fitting of a single brush, or contact-maker, in the commutator for the firing of the six cylinders, which, by means of a special induction-coil, will do away with much complication and worrying adjustment.

We must welcome Mr. Plowden as a Daniel come to judgment because of that Magistrate's most

welcome decision the other day at Marylebone, when an automobilist was summoned by a too officious constable for allowing his car to remain outside a house in Upper Berkeley Street while he called upon the occupants. Mr. Plowden was anxious to know whether similar action would have been taken if the vehicle had been a private horse-drawn carriage and not an automobile, and whether there was any limit in which a private carriage might stand outside a private house. Mr. Plowden most properly and, for automobilists in future, most conveniently held that it could not be contended that a person paying a visit in a motor-car or a carriage must leave in a specified time or be summoned for obstruction. Perhaps this decision will set free certain constables from their self-assigned duties of harassing non-offending citizens and give them time to attend to the more serious side of their duties, such as the arrest of daylight robbers and Hooligans, who enjoy too much freedom in this city of ours.

The accident which befell Sir Francis and Lady Winnington on Monday of last week was one of the most extraordinary in the annals of motoring. Sir Francis, accompanied by his wife, his valet, and a chauffeur was on his way from Edinburgh to Settrington House to visit the Earl of Listowel, and but for a breakdown at Northallerton would have reached his destination before nightfall. After passing through the little village of Stillington, and when within some twenty miles of their destination, about seven o'clock the acetylene lamp refused to act and so had to be put out. It was a dark, wet evening, and, owing to the imperfect light, the driver missed his way and ran the car into a mill-race, where it overturned. Sir Francis and his valet escaped with a mere wetting, but Lady Winnington and the chauffeur were pinned under the car, and, besides being half-drowned, were badly injured. Lady Winnington had several ribs fractured and sustained severe concussion of the brain, besides serious contusions, and both she and the chauffeur were unconscious for several hours.



Photograph by Lafayette.



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

SIR FRANCIS AND LADY WINNINGTON, WHO MET WITH A SERIOUS MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT NEAR STILLINGTON, YORKSHIRE, ON THE 19TH INST.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Newmarket—Sandown—The Winter Game.

THE Houghton fixture brings the flat-racing season to an end so far as Newmarket is concerned. The meeting in progress at the Turf headquarters will attract the usual big crowd and the racing should be first-chop. Chief interest will centre in the race for the Cambridgeshire, which should attract a big field. Burses ran well

enough in the Cesarewitch to give him a big chance here, while Over Norton, on some of his form, could not well be left out of calculations. The Newmarket men think Surbiton has a big chance; the colt has good book-form. I shall declare for the French horse, Le Souvenir, and shall expect Burses to get a place. Major Beatty's best certainly ought to go close, but they are none too reliable. The Dewhurst Plate, to be run on Friday, should bring out some smart two-year-olds. If Mr. Keene's Bobrinski goes to the post he should win, provided all the tall stories told of the colt by the American papers are true. It is to be hoped the Stewards of the Jockey Club will rearrange the

not be to the taste of dwellers in Tattersall's Ring, who, even under the present conditions, cannot tell what has won in a close finish. Further, a perfect number-board, giving starters and jockeys, should be built in every cheap ring in England

The Earl of Sefton should prove a valuable acquisition to the National Hunt Committee, as he is a good sportsman with a leaning to the jumping business. His Lordship intends to patronise the sport mildly, and it would be interesting to see his colours carried to the front in the Grand National. It will be remembered the late Earl met with an accident when riding a horse over the Aintree course. The Duke of Westminster has a number of ordinary steeplechasers in training at Eaton, but I hope he may find a good one presently.



THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G.,
WITH WHOM THE KING HAS BEEN STAYING AT WYNYARD
PARK FOR THE SHOOTING.

Photograph by O. and K. Edis, Sheringham.

racers to be run at Newmarket in the future, so that all the finishes take place opposite to the Rowley Mile Stand. The public are tired of paying to view races that finish half-a-mile from the big stands.

The improvements in the stands and enclosures at Sandown are now nearly completed; and the Esher enclosure will, without a doubt, in the near future become the show-place of the London district. I hope the managers of this and all other race-meetings will arrange to have a full telegraph-service laid on, and I trust Clerks of Courses all over the country will make proper provision for keeping the cheap rings free from the undesirables. The play is the thing, and the gallery is the thing for the play. A good gate is always a capital advertisement for any race-meeting, and the million should be properly catered for. I think the Sandown managers might remodel their track, although it is difficult to see how the five-furlong course could be improved unless the winning-post were removed further along, which, by-the-bye, would



WYNYARD PARK, DURHAM: THE DAIRY.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

True, Drumree may turn out to be a smasher, but up to now he has been a big disappointment. Mr. W. Bass is another recruit to the National Hunt business. He is a lucky man and should be followed. Lord Dudley sticks manfully to his old love, and he will, no doubt, have a try to win the Grand National. I always thought his Lordship had a very pretty seat in the saddle in National Hunt flat-races, and he was oftener than not successful. I should like to see National Hunt flat-races established for gentlemen amateurs, with "paid" amateurs barred.

CAPTAIN COE.



WYNYARD PARK: THE MANSION FROM THE DRIVE.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

Wynyard Park, where Lord Londonderry has been entertaining the King, is an enormously long, low, plain-looking building, remarkable hitherto mostly for its size and for the curious record of fires associated with it. But henceforth it will be famous as having been the first private residence in which the monarch has held a Council for more than two hundred and fifty years. The last one in a private house was held by King Charles I., in the second year of his reign, at Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. It also constitutes, it is believed, another record, in that the King held two Councils on the same day—the first at Buckingham Palace and the second at Wynyard, to save Lord Londonderry the trouble of coming to London to be "declared in Council" Lord President thereof. Lord Londonderry is himself a most remarkable and versatile man.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A GOOD many of us have read with rather mixed feelings recent sensational accounts of how to exchange old complexions for new and render ourselves surpassingly fair by the rather drastic method of burning off the upper cuticle to arrive at one underneath. Several years ago, when mysterious hints of the new

farther afield Cape Town, is in itself a liberal education in the art of being young and remaining so. Special and skilled attention is given to every individual case, and the toilet preparations bearing the Pomeroy impress are of acknowledged excellence and purity. Besides the special face-treatment, the cult of electrolysis is most capably pursued, and, in a word, everything that science hand-in-hand with hygiene can do is done to ward off the tale that years are telling, sooner or later, on us all.

Apropos of one thing and another, does anything in this world enhance and become a pretty woman's prettiness more entirely than beautiful furs? Of all the accessories—and they are many—to which a beautiful woman is heiress, commend me to sables, and ermine, and chinchilla, and the rest. Some evenings ago, a pretty woman sat at a neighbouring table at the Carlton, equipped to the last *épingle*, and of obviously prosperous condition. Diamonds, lace, and the usual etceteras played effective parts, but it needed her exit and consequent appearance in furs to raise her from a merely sweet-looking to a superlative feminine. So dazzling in their effects are the "skins of wild beasts" when judiciously exploited. At the present moment, the International Fur Store in Regent Street is quite a study in temptations as far as fur garments are concerned, and difficult indeed would it be for anyone, however detached in spirit, to walk through their impressive salons without falling at every step into the pardonable crime of covetousness.

From the smallest necklet to the most entirely covering cloak, in all intermediate grades of stole, boa, pelerine, cape, each bears the cachet of the International Fur Store, which has so justly wide a reputation for exclusive smartness of design and excellence of quality in all the furs employed. Many of the newest muffs are beguiling to a degree, modifications of the old Empire and early Victorian styles being especially successful.

Motor-coats, motor-rugs, motor-hats, and caps of undeniable becomingness are also in the bill. The newest combinations of various



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL GOWN AND THE FASHIONABLE SABLE SET.

beautifying process were wafted across the Atlantic, an enterprising and successful "beauty-doctor" took the first boat to New York and submitted herself to the process of "peeling the skin," with a view to testing its effects on herself. The corrosive acids were duly used, and the result of their ministrations was an attack of acute eczema which lasted for two years, with its resultant suffering, not to add serious loss of business in the interval.

The vanity of womankind is proverbial and perennial, but never are its effects more pernicious than in cases where actual injury is done to the health through too blindly pursuing the "fatal gift of beauty." Common-sense, combined with certain hygienic processes, is known to achieve surprising results nowadays in connection with the skin and complexion—but only, *bien entendu*, when Nature is assisted and, say, augmented rather than opposed, the Universal Mother being very quick to avenge any direct infringements of her laws. In connection, too, with this subject, which is naturally one of interest to most women, the initial rules for all good looks and well-being of the body generally are contained in an admirably written and lately published pamphlet, by Mrs. Pomeroy, of Old Bond Street fame, which I came across the other day and in which is set forth in half-a-dozen pages the distilled wisdom of ages. It is not by violent remedies that Mrs. Pomeroy achieves her transformation, however, but by the most simple and sensible treatment of that much-cherished possession, the complexion.

Her "Beauty Rules," as the aforesaid brochure is named, gives the Alpha and Omega of the whole question, while a visit to any of her salons, whether at 29, Old Bond Street, or "Dublin's fair city," or



[Copyright.]

A VISITING-DRESS OF DARK-GREY WOOL-POPLIN.

furs are, one also finds, very attractive—ermine, hand in hand, or rather, tail by tail with sable, chinchilla, or sealskin, and so on indefinitely, surprisingly, and never-endingly new. Doubtless our departed grandmothers would have found pony-skin and point-lace as indefensible a combination as Park and Petticoat Lanes. But they meet nowadays, and agree surprisingly well.

A novelty just instituted by those wonderful people, the Parisian Diamond Company, is shown on this page in the form of an elaborate corsage-jewel, consisting of a magnificent central ornament with pear-shaped pearl drops, from which looped strings of diamonds and pearls are continued into smaller brooches at each side. A further development of this novelty is the graceful festoon of pearls and diamonds—three rows in all—which is continued around the upper arm and fastened into brooches at the back, an arrangement of great brilliance and elaboration which should greatly enhance the splendours of *la grande toilette* for Court function, ball, or dinner-party. The Parisian Diamond Company is nothing if not original, and with originality are combined in all its manufactures that artistic finish and perfection of workmanship which give the keenest delight to the connoisseur in the matter of jewellery.

SYBIL.

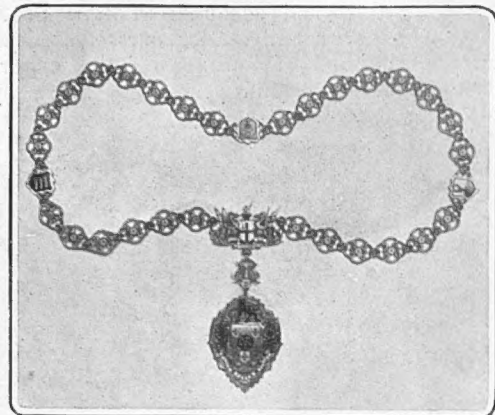
The flashlight photographs of scenes from "The Duchess of Dantzic" appearing in the present number of *The Sketch* reflect great credit on Mr. F. W. Burford, the photographer. The difficulty of obtaining good pictures of scenes by flashlight will be acknowledged by every photographer, and we think we are safe in saying that, up to the present time, nobody has obtained better results than Mr. Burford. His method, moreover, will commend itself to theatrical managers for the reason that he is able to take photographs without noise or smoke.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN
DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

A LONDON SHERIFF'S BADGE.

The chain and badge made for Mr. A. J. Reynolds, one of London's new Sheriffs, are of eighteen-carat gold. The chain is composed of links, quatrefoil in shape, with heraldic roses in the centre taken from the Arms of Sheriff Reynolds. It is divided up by four shields, in richly coloured enamel, the centre one being composed of the full blazon of the City Arms, that on the left shoulder containing the Arms of Hereford, that on the right shoulder the Arms of Middlesex, whilst in the centre, at back, appear the Arms of the Spectacle Makers' Company. Suspended from the centre badge is the monogram of the Sheriff, "A. J. R.," supporting the richly ornamented badge, on which appear the full Arms of Sheriff Reynolds, enamelled in proper colours. The whole has been carried out in the artistic manner so characteristic of the workmanship of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street.



CHAIN AND BADGE FOR SHERIFF REYNOLDS.

In a recent number a short account, together with a photograph, was given of the Colindale Studio for art metal-workers, but, owing to the illegible writing of our correspondent, the name appeared as "Whindale." The Tea Gardens and Studio are situated in Colindeep Lane, Hendon, and the Abingdon Studio in connection therewith has its locale at 31, York Place, W.

For the Folkestone Races next Saturday (31st inst.) the South-Eastern and Chatham Company will run a number of specials. Club-trains (first-class only, return fare eight shillings) leave Charing Cross at 11.5 and 11.20 a.m., the latter calling at Waterloo and London Bridge. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the Races.

Since the days of Brunel the Great Western Company has been among the foremost pioneers in the railway world, and in these latter days its directors are no less enterprising.

The motor-car service just established between Chalford and Stonehouse stations in Gloucestershire is a case in point. The number of ordinary trains calling at these places and intermediate stations is limited, but under the new arrangement the facilities for travelling between the two points have been greatly increased, inasmuch as a motor-car runs over this part of the line each way every hour for about twelve hours daily. Not only does the car take up passengers at intervening stations, but it has been so constructed that passengers at the four level-crossings between Chalford and Stonehouse can easily be taken aboard. To increase the number of ordinary trains passing along these seven miles of the Great Western's system would not be at all profitable, but the employment of a motor-car in the manner indicated has every prospect of yielding an adequate return for the enterprise of the Company, while, at the same time, it confers a great benefit on the inhabitants of the small towns and villages which are scattered along the route. The car accommodates fifty-two passengers and can attain a speed of forty-five miles an hour.

The most widely read of living authors is Tolstoy. His books were first translated into Greek, and there have been one hundred and thirty Czech, a hundred Servian, and eighty Bulgarian translations.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 10.

UNRESPONSIVE MARKETS.

AS we anticipated last week, the small improvement in most markets has not been maintained, for no sooner does a slight demand spring up than the available supply of stock or shares, as the case may be, is found to be far more than enough to satisfy the buyers, and matters, therefore, drift back again to the former state of apathy. The House complains that there is no public support, and this is partially true, but not altogether. Every time the public begins to nibble, masses of undigested securities are so quickly offered, that the poor patient's appetite is quite destroyed before the first course is over. If the professionals would only restrain their anxiety to get out of their holdings, and not tumble over one another to secure the first small buyer that comes timidly into the market, there would be more chance of a sustained improvement. So many holders are merely dummies behind whom voracious creditors are hiding, that it is, in too numerous instances, a case of "Needs must when the Devil drives."

Again we have to thank Mr. Gould and "House Scraps" for the cartoons which, by their kind permission, we are able to reproduce.

ARGENTINE RAILS.

Despite the very dull market for Argentine Rails during the past few days, the outlook is very hopeful. The

improvement and progress reported during the last few years have been so great that people have become doubtful about the longer continuance of good times, but such good use has been made of the prosperous years and the advices from Buenos Ayres are so favourable that there seems little cause for anxiety.

The following are the figures of the principal lines since the issue of the last report in each case—

	Traffic receipts to date.	Increase.
Argentine Great Western ..	£150,698	£14,376 (16 weeks).
Buenos Ayres Great Southern ..	655,641	66,258 "
" and Pacific ..	251,204	74,767 "
" and Rosario ..	2,643,638	803,663 (41 weeks).
" Western ..	378,813	63,597 (16 weeks).

In speaking of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific road, we may note that the connection with Chili is now nearing completion, and when all, or nearly all, the traffic which still goes round the Horn is sent by rail, the results should be even better than the present showing.

AMERICANS AND THE FAILURES.

That the Yankee Market is far from being out of danger from further failures on the other side of the herring-pond may be safely assumed, although some of the Stock Exchange authorities are ready with assurances that the worst has been weathered. Unfortunately for the United States, the country, as we remarked the other day, is beginning to feel some decline in the wonderful prosperity of the last few years, and, whereas the failure of a few small banking concerns would have been thought of little moment twelve months ago, the present situation is unsettled enough to give these events a pregnant significance. Despite the heavy fall that has overtaken all the shares in the Yankee list, a continuance of the shrinkage is by no means improbable, if only from the fact that there is a dearth of public support on both sides of the Atlantic. The big financial houses find themselves situated very differently from what they were a couple of years ago, and all their efforts to bolster up prices have not sufficed to prevent such a fall as must mean a decided crippling of their resources. The public over here will not touch Yankees with a punting-pole, and it is evident that the American public are almost equally out of conceit with the paper manufactured by their great financiers. On merits, we should say that there are several cheap Yankee shares that could be selected to yield good profits in years to come; on the look of the market, our advice would be to let them all alone, good and bad alike, for the present.

KAFFIRS cum LABOUR.

Six months hence the question of the day will be, "Do you remember that awful time the Kaffir Market went through when the labour question lay like a dead-weight upon prices, speculation, and hopes of all kinds?" Six months hence, we say, because half-a-year is plenty of time for people to forget unhappiness and general discomfort, in days when active markets and better prices combine to wipe out the dismal recollections of the past. We are fain to confess ourselves hopeful enough to believe that the permission to import Chinese or other alien workmen will give that impetus to the Kaffir Market which at present is so sorely lacking. Writing upon the very eve of the issue of the Native Labour Commission's report, there is still, of course, a doubt as to what that document may actually contain; but, from the forecasts that have been published, it

seems fair to suppose that the Commission has agreed upon the point of South Africa being unable to supply sufficient workmen for her mines. Whether the resolute body of local politicians who are opposed to John Chinaman will be strong enough to thwart for a time his importation we should not like to guess, but his ultimate advent is as certain as the fact that gold exists on the Rand. Of course, all kinds of difficulties and unlooked-for expenses will crop up at first, but to get the mines to work is the all-potent factor without which business can hardly be hoped for, and the resumption of that work is awaited by the market with a feverish impatience.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Spasmodic energy is apparently to be the fate of several of the chief Exchange Markets from the present time until, at all events, the end of the year, and absence of solid business will have to be compensated by the excitement of temporary boomlets that too often merely end in slump. Perhaps a Kaffir boom in full swing is about the most interesting scene that can be witnessed in the Stock Exchange, but it is so long since one came that we members may be forgiven for saying we forget what a Kaffir boom looks like. The Yankee Market is more lucky (or less, from whichever point of view you regard a boomlet) in having weekly periods of intense excitement for an hour or two at a time—for possibly two or three hours at a stretch. Half-a-hundred yelling voices shout names of different stocks, the man who makes the most noise standing most chance of doing his business. Round the innermost ring stands a phalanx of perhaps hundreds of other members and their clerks, the latter breaking away every now and then as the sharp fluctuations occur that have to be cabled to America. The sea of bobbing heads assumes a humorous appearance to the passive onlooker, if only on account of the different-coloured hair that comes into sight. But it is difficult to even watch with passivity a boomlet scene, and the wonder would be if youthful gamblers were able to wholly resist the infection of a spirit of wild speculation that prevails at such a time. Of course, the practice cannot be too severely deprecated, but put yourself, stern reader, in the shoes of a member of the Stock Exchange, with the gambling germ in his veins—I don't know whether germs live in the veins, but that's a detail—and I respectfully defy you to expect that member to keep a disinterested head time after time. Let me be the last to excuse or encourage House speculation: it has proved a source of constant danger in the past, and will probably do so again in the future. All I am concerned with is to point out the difficulty of remaining neutral during a sudden gust of excited speculation such as springs up so constantly.

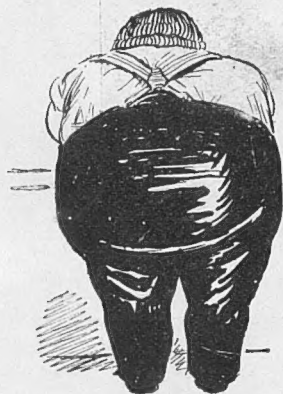
Few people, perhaps, realise that they can now get over 3 per cent. upon strictly British Government security, but, as a matter of fact, 3½ per cent. can be obtained upon the National War Loan stock. The loan is compulsorily redeemable in April 1910 at par, so that, at the present price of 97½, an assured profit of 2½ points can be calculated. Spread over the six and a-half years that the loan still has to run, this works out to, say, 7s. 6d. per annum, and, as the yield at the current quotation is £2 16s. 5d., the total is raised to, say, £3 4s. altogether; or rather over 3½ per cent., allowing for the accrued interest. Consols, let it be added, produce £2 16s. 6d. at 88½, and, of course, one may take it for granted that they will not be redeemed in 1923. Those people with Trust capital who fear to invest it in anything that is not gilded with the name of the British Government should surely turn their attention to the War Loan rather than buy Consols, seeing that they must of necessity (so long as they do not sell) receive an additional ⅔ per cent. on the money.

"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

The quotation that rambles into my head reminds me also of the remark that I heard attributed to a fair devotee of the motor, whose acquaintance with the modern classics is not of the speaking order. She was talking to a friend about books connected with her favourite sport, and said there was one book she very much wanted to get, because of its being so well spoken of. "And what is that?" she was asked. "Oh, I think it's called 'The Autocar of the Breakfast Table'!"

Canadian Pacifics look to me about one of the best purchases that can be made in the speculative investment markets. The price is flat in sympathy with Yankees—one of our leading newspapers has passed a stringent law against the use of the word: it is all "Americans" now—with Yankees, as I was observing, and, of course, the traffics are regarded as poor now that the Canadian boomlet has subsided for the time being. But the line can go on paying 6 per cent. for years to come, even if the full prosperity of 1903 should fall off to some extent, so that, at 120, Canadas pay you 5 per cent., to say nothing of the pleasant little bonuses that fall to proprietors every now and then in the shape of new issues. Another offer of shares must be made before long; it was talked about months ago, and the knowledge of this may be in some way deterring investors from buying the shares. For myself, I don't see that money required for reproductive purposes need ever be regarded as a drawback to a Company, and the Canadian Pacific is about to break out in new directions—of mining its coal, amongst other things. It's certainly a nuisance having your investments at the put and call of Wall Street, Montreal, and Boston speculators; but, after all, the stock is the thing, and in time whatever merits it may have are bound to be recognised. Putting a modest estimate upon Canadas, there should be at least a ten-dollar rise in them when the financial situation in the United States settles down to more staid and sober conditions. No doubt, the troubles over there will last for a month or two longer, but, whenever Canadas drop to 120, they never should be missed. On a 'cute investor's list.

Those who place their trust in the junior Trunks are getting somewhat impatient at the unsatisfactory course of their market. A tap is in aggressive evidence, and any tentative rise provokes a heavy stream of sales, apparently on behalf of some of the Northern centres. This tap cannot last for ever, and, since the Company is doing almost as well as its best wishers can expect, it may be supposed that gravel will be reached shortly. If I remember rightly, *The Sketch* has never been particularly bullish about the minor Trunks, preferring rather to indicate the two senior Preferences as good investments, but, if the fall in Thirds should take the price to 40, buyers might be invited to consider the stock. As for the dividend estimates of 3 per cent. on the Third Preference, such a prospect seems to me ridiculously optimistic, and 2 per cent. is likely to be the outside limit to the distribution. But even 2 per cent. would have



A heavy back



A good puff!

a good effect upon Trunks, and at 40 the Thirds, if they go to it, will look attractive. By the way, there is at least one firm in the House—a firm doing a good deal in the Trunk Market—that pays three thousand pounds a-year for a private telephone service to one of the chief provincial cities. Fancy dialoguing with your correspondents at the rate of ten pounds per business-day! In comparison with this, the amount paid by some of the principal houses for private-cable services is a mere trifle.

At the time I am writing this it is said that all fear of a war between Russia and Japan can be laid aside. The prospect of such a conflict, with its possible European consequences, is a matter for most serious reflection, but those who favour the cause of our ally can hardly help feeling that, if she does not adopt a strong attitude now, her chances of being able to do so hereafter will be practically nil. Japan is now numerically stronger than Russia as regards battleships, but next year the positions will be greatly reversed in favour of the big, bullying nation which some Stock Exchange men are referring to as "Graball, Unlimited." The policy of Russia is extension, and the other name for the diplomacy with which she pursues her way is lying mixed with bluff. There are very few people who would wish for the dispute to be settled by the arbitrament of war, but many who think that if Japan keeps up her own end with firmness and sticks to her demands, Russia will climb down at the last moment from her position of the high-handed bully whose courage is confined to outward appearances only.

By Jove! A whole column of writing and never a word about the Fiscal Question or Mr. Chambermail's policy! My dear reader, I quite agree with you that for once you have been treated with undeserved consideration (however unconscious) by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE HOTEL CECIL REPORT.

The report of this hotel for the year ending Aug. 31 last has just been published and is certainly a satisfactory document. The gross takings from the hotel are £226,372, which, although only £1328 more than in the previous twelve months, is better than might have been expected, when the fact of the Coronation in 1902, together with the very wet season of 1903, is taken into consideration. The rentals of shops and other properties have brought in £7793, and, when all the buildings on the Strand frontage are let, this item should considerably increase. The full dividend on the Preference shares is earned and paid, while the Ordinary shares get 1 per cent. and £15,772 is carried forward.

SONS OF GWALIA.

The ways of Directors are strange and the long-suffering patience of shareholders has very little end. This mine is earning a net profit of between £10,000 and £11,000 a-month, and the Board have in hand a sum which would enable a dividend of 2s. a-share to be distributed with a few thousands over, and a certainty of at least ten thousand more coming into the coffers at the beginning of next month, yet the Directors cannot, even in these bad times, when money is useful to the humblest shareholder, make up their minds to part with anything. Are they keeping the profits to make their fees secure, or is the love of a big bank-balance, which we know—but, unfortunately, not from experience—to be a fascinating thing, too strong for them?

No doubt, at the end of the year, when there will be another £30,000 accumulated, the Board will harden their hearts and dole out what they might well pay now; but, after all, it is the shareholders' money, and if they are satisfied with the knowledge that it is in the bank instead of in their own pockets, nobody else has a right to complain.

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

REX.—We sent you the broker's name on the 21st inst. The Bread shares have been considerably worse than they now are, and we should say hold while times are so bad in the share market. Sweetmeats are dropping because the takes are so unsatisfactory. We cannot say why this is so, but if decreases go on the fall will go further.

W. L.—There is next to no market for Bute Docks. Cardiff is the place to deal. The price is about 97-9 for 4 per cent. Pref. and 87-9 for 3 per cent. Debentures. There seems no reason for selling, but it would be as well for you to ask your bank to inquire of some Cardiff bank what is known locally.

J. P.—The average dividend of Copper Mines over such a number of years as you quote is very misleading, as what a mine can pay greatly depends on the price of copper. Anaconda publish no reports or accounts. For our own money, we should prefer the best Indian Gold shares or Tintos. There is no doubt you are justified in having a little flutter with your savings. The fall in Oil shares has been caused by the dreadfully low price of crude petroleum, and a rise depends on an improvement in this.

J. P. M.—We have sent you the broker's name. There seems some chance of an improvement in Kaffirs, but it is doubtful if the bottom has even yet been reached. We prefer Johnnies and Randfontein in your list.

L. AND M.—Chartered will improve if we get a Kaffir revival, but it looks some way off. We should not be eager sellers just now. We have not much belief in the Company as a permanent holding. C. P. are a good investment, but may go lower in sympathy with Yankee troubles. There is no reason to sell, and the same is true of N. Z. bonds.

The Directors of A. and F. Pears announce a dividend of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary and 2½ per cent. on the Deferred shares for the year ending June last.

I regret that, in a recent number, a picture of Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Webster, of Bramley Grange, and his head-keeper, taken in one of the pheasant-rides, was described as "Feeding Young Birds on a Pheasant-farm." Though Colonel Webster has the best game-preserves in the neighbourhood, he breeds his pheasants entirely for his own shooting, and, as he never sells an egg or a live bird, the picture should certainly not have been described as above stated. I may mention that, notwithstanding the very large number of pheasants Colonel Webster rears, plenty of wild foxes are always found whenever his covers are drawn by either Lord Leconfield's hounds or the Chiddingfold.

FINE-ART PLATES.

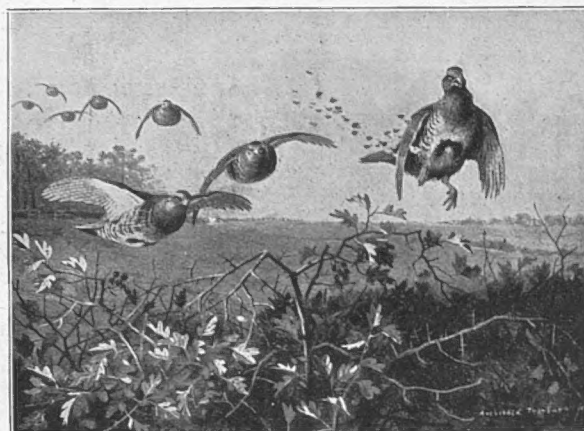
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After Archibald Thorburn.

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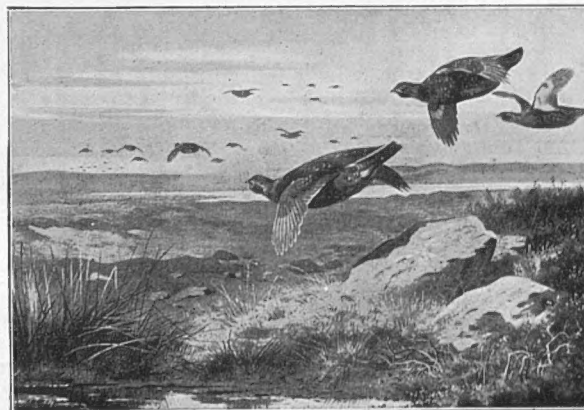
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